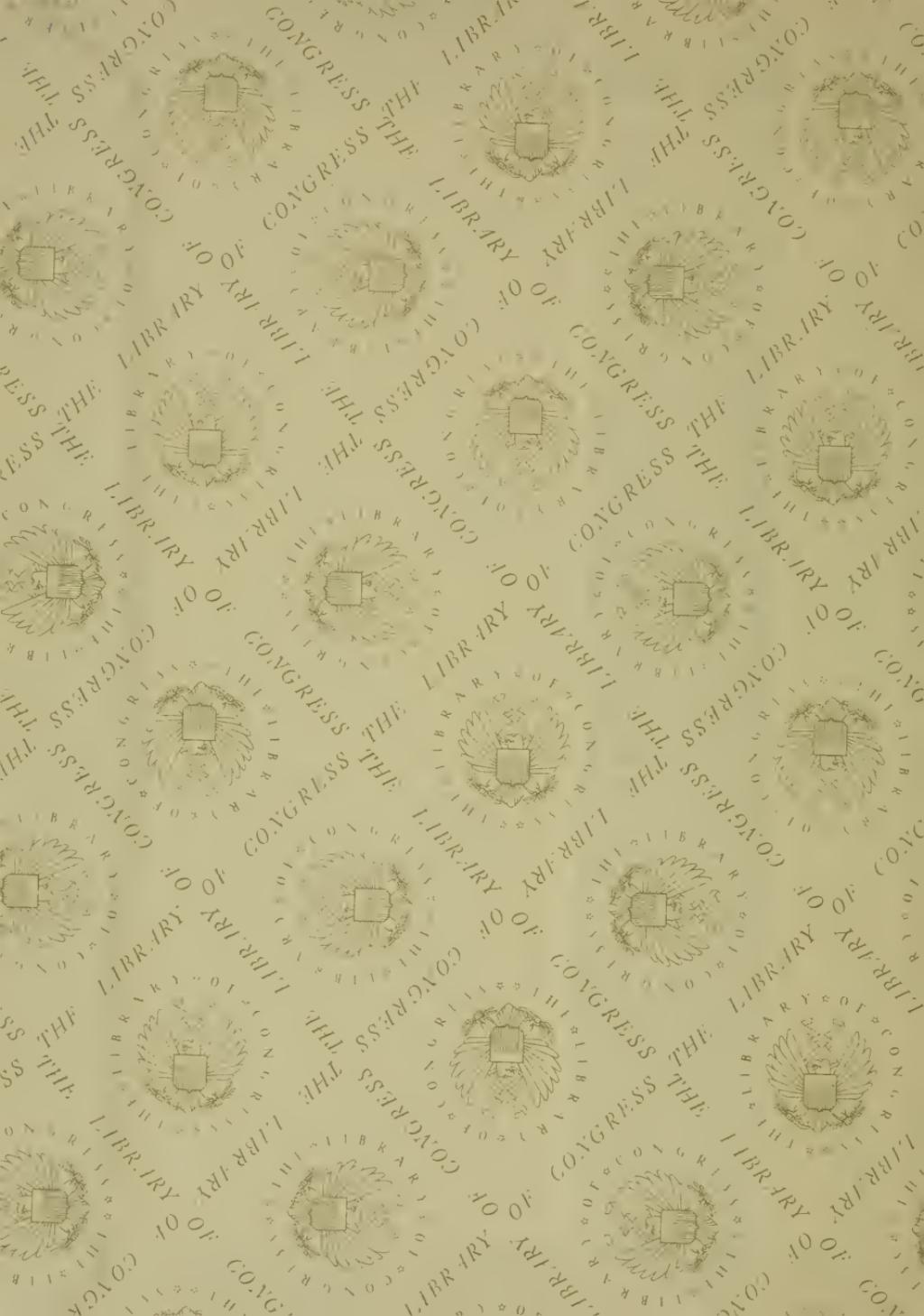


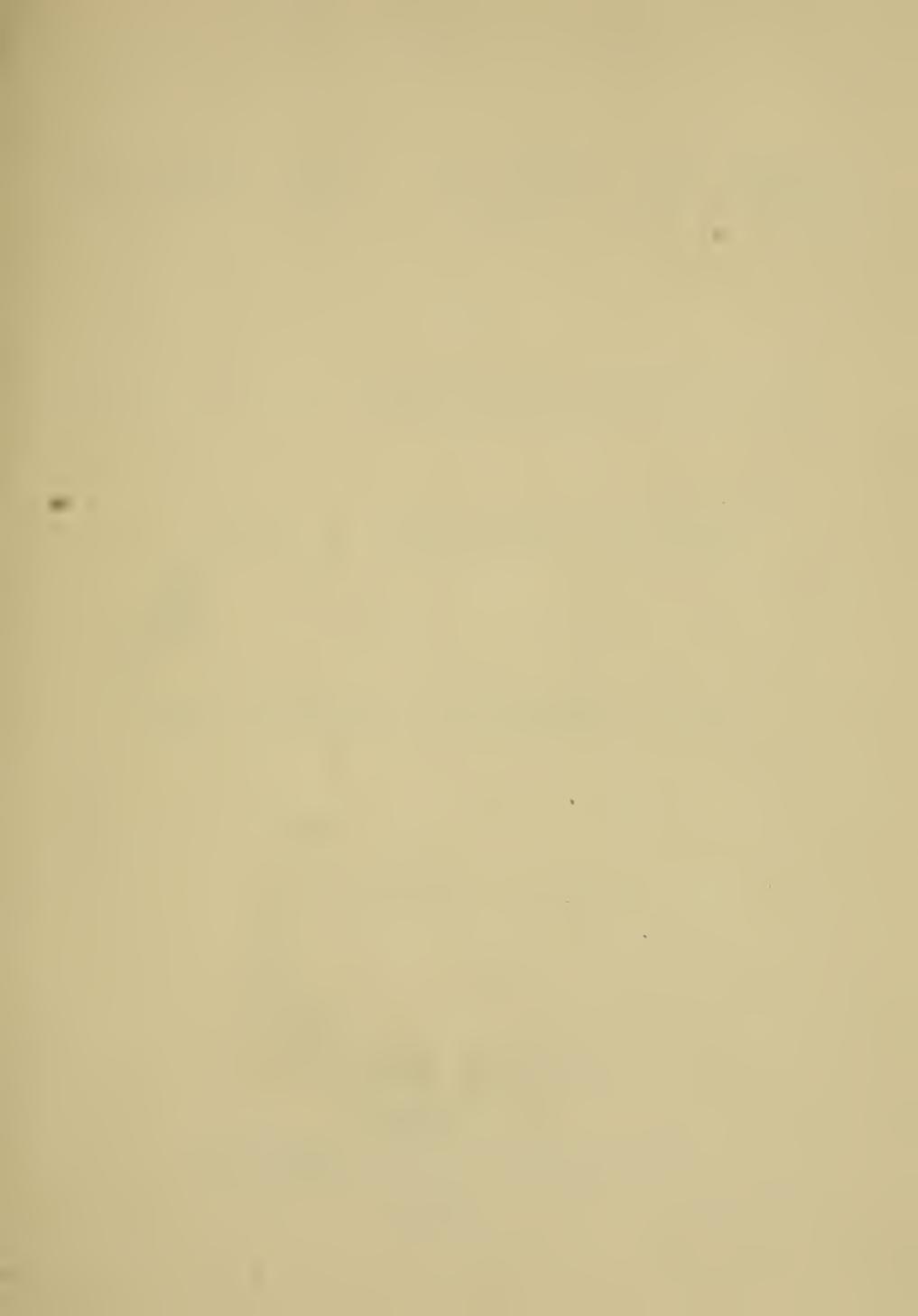
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# SHAKESPEARE'S HENRY IV. PART SECOND.

WITH

INTRODUCTION, AND NOTES EXPLANATORY AND CRITICAL.

*FOR USE IN SCHOOLS AND FAMILIES.*



BY THE

REV. HENRY N. HUDSON, LL.D.



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# INTRODUCTION.

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## History of the Play.

JOHNSON rightly observes that the First and Second Parts of KING HENRY THE FOURTH are substantially one drama, the whole being arranged as two only because too long to be one. For this cause it seems best to regard them as one in what follows, and so dispose of them both together. The writing of them must be placed at least as early as 1597, when the author was thirty-three years old. The First Part was registered at the Stationers' for publication in February, 1598, and was published in the course of that year. There were also four other quarto issues of the play before the folio edition of 1623. The Second Part was first published in 1600, and there is not known to have been any other edition of it till it reappeared along with the First Part in the folio. It is pretty certain, however, for reasons to be stated presently, that the Second Part was written before the entry of the First Part at the Stationers' in 1598.

It is beyond question that the original name of Sir John Falstaff was Sir John Oldcastle; and a curious relic of that naming survives in Act i. scene 2, where the Prince calls Falstaff "my *old* lad of the *castle*." And we have several other strong proofs of the fact; as in the Epilogue to the Second Part: "For any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard

opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." Also, in *Amends for Ladies*, a play by Nathaniel Field, printed in 1618 : "Did you never see the play where the *fat Knight*, hight *Oldcastle*, did tell you truly what this honour was?" which clearly alludes to Falstaff's soliloquy about honour in the First Part, Act v. scene 1. Yet the change of name must have been made before the play was entered in the Stationers' books, as that entry mentions "the conceited mirth of Sir John *Falstaff*." And we have one small but pretty decisive mark inferring the Second Part to have been written before that change was made : in the quarto edition of this Part, Act i. scene 2, one of Falstaff's speeches has the prefix *Old*; the change in that instance being probably left unmarked in the printer's copy. All which shows that both Parts were originally written long enough before February, 1598, for the author to see cause for changing the name.

"Sir John Oldcastle, the good Lord Cobham," was much distinguished as a Wickliffite martyr, and his name was held in high reverence by the Protestants in Shakespeare's time. And the purpose of the change in question probably was to rescue his memory from the profanations of the stage. Thus much seems hinted in the forcited passage from the Epilogue, and is further approved by what Fuller says in his *Church History* : "Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and is substituted buffoon in his place."

Another motive for the change may have been the better to distinguish Shakespeare's play from *The Famous Victo-*

ries of *Henry the Fifth*; a play which had been on the stage some years, and wherein Sir John Oldcastle was among the names of the *Dramatis Personæ*, as were also Ned and Gadshill. There is no telling with any certainty when or by whom *The Famous Victories* was written. It is known to have been on the boards as early as 1588, because one of the parts was acted by Tarleton, the celebrated comedian, who died that year. And Nash, in his *Pierce Penniless*, 1592, thus alludes to it: "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing him and the Dauphin to swear fealty." It was also entered at the Stationers' in 1594; and a play called *Harry the Fifth*, probably the same, was performed in 1595; and not less than three editions of it were printed. All which tells strongly for its success and popularity. The action of the play extends over the whole time occupied by Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fourth* and *King Henry the Fifth*. The Poet can hardly be said to have built upon it or borrowed from it at all, any further than taking the above-mentioned names. The play is indeed a most wretched and worthless performance; being altogether a mass of stupid vulgarity; at once vapid and vile; without the least touch of wit in the comic parts, or of poetry in the tragic; the verse being such only to the eye; Sir John Oldcastle being a dull, low-minded profligate, uninformed with the slightest felicity of thought or humour; the Prince, an irredeemable compound of ruffian, blackguard, and hypocrite; and their companions, the fitting seconds of such principals: so that to have drawn upon it for any portion or element of Shakespeare's *King Henry the Fourth* were much the same as "extracting sunbeams from cucumbers."

### Abstract of the Historic Matter.

In these plays, as in others of the same class, the Poet's authority was Holinshed, whose *Chronicles*, first published in 1577, was then the favourite book in English history. And the plays, notwithstanding their wealth of ideal matter, are rightly called historical, because the history everywhere *guides*, and in a good measure *forms*, the plot, whereas *Macbeth*, for instance, though having much of historical matter, is rightly called a tragedy, as the history merely *suberves* the plot.

King Henry the Fourth, surnamed Bolingbroke from the place of his birth, came to the throne in 1399, having first deposed his cousin, Richard the Second, whose death he was generally thought to have procured shortly after. The chief agents in this usurpation were the Percys, known in history as Northumberland, Worcester, and Hotspur, three haughty and turbulent noblemen, who afterwards troubled Henry to keep the crown as much as they had helped him in getting it.

The lineal heir to the crown next after Richard was Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, a lad then about seven years old, whom the King held in a sort of honourable custody. Early in his reign, one of the King's leading partisans in Wales went to insulting and oppressing Owen Glendower, a chief of that country, who had been trained up in the English Court. Glendower petitioned for redress, and was insultingly denied; whereupon he took the work of redress into his own hands. Sir Edmund Mortimer, uncle to the young Earl of March, and brother to Hotspur's wife, was sent against him; but his forces were utterly broken, and himself captured and held in close confinement

by Glendower, where the King suffered him to lie unransomed, alleging that he had treacherously allowed himself to be taken. Shakespeare, however, following Holinshed, makes the young Earl, who was then detained at Windsor to have been Glendower's prisoner.

After the captivity of Mortimer the King led three armies in succession against Glendower, and was as often baffled by the valour or the policy of the Welshman. At length the elements made war on the King; his forces were storm-stricken, blown to pieces by tempests; which bred a general belief that Glendower could "command the Devil," and "call spirits from the vasty deep." The King finally gave up and withdrew; but still consoled himself that he yielded not to the arms, but to the magic arts of his antagonist.

In the beginning of his reign the King led an army into Scotland, and summoned the Scottish King to appear before him and do homage for his crown; but, finding that the Scots would neither submit nor fight, and being pressed by famine, he gave over the undertaking and retired. Some while after, Earl Douglas, at the head of ten thousand men, burst into England, and advanced as far as Newcastle, spreading terror and havoc around him. On their return they were met by the Percys at Homildon where, after a fierce and bloody battle, the Scots were totally routed; Douglas himself being captured, as were also many other Scottish noblemen, and among them the Earl of Fife, a prince of the blood royal. The most distinguished of the English leaders in this affair was Henry Percy, surnamed Hotspur; a man of the most restless, daring, fiery, and impetuous spirit, who first armed at the age of twelve years, after which time, it is said, *his spur was never cold*.

Of the other events suffice it to say that they are much

the same in history as in the drama ; while the Poet's selection and ordering of them yield no special cause for remark. One or two points, however, it may be well to notice as throwing some light on certain allusions in the play.

In the Spring of 1405, Prince Henry, then in his nineteenth year, was at the head of an army in Wales, where Glendower had hitherto carried all before him. By his activity, prudence, and perseverance, the young hero gradually broke the Welshman down, and at length reduced the whole country into subjection. He continued in this service most of the time for four years ; his valour and conduct awakening the most favourable expectations, which however were not a little dashed by his rampant hilarity during the intervals of labour in the field. His father was much grieved at these irregularities ; and his grief was heightened by some loose and unfilial words that were reported to him as having fallen from the Prince in hours of merriment. Hearing of this, the Prince went to expostulate with his father ; yet even then he enacted a strange freak of oddity, arraying himself in a gown of blue satin wrought full of eyelet-holes, and at each eyelet the needle still hanging by the silk ; probably meaning to intimate thereby, that if his behaviour, his moral garb, were full of rents, it was not too late to sew them up, and the means were at hand for doing so. Being admitted to an interview, he fell on his knees and, presenting a dagger, begged the King to take his life, since he had withdrawn his favour. His father, much moved, threw away the dagger, and, kissing him, owned with tears that he had indeed held him in suspicion, though, as he now saw, without just cause ; and promised that no misreports should thenceforth shake his confidence in him.

At another time, one of his unruly companions being con-

victed of felony, and sentenced to prison by the Chief Justice, the Prince undertook to rescue him, and even went so far as to assault the Judge ; who forthwith ordered him to prison also, and he had the good sense to submit. Upon being told this incident, the King exclaimed, "Happy the King that has a judge so firm in his duty, and a son so obedient to the law !"

Perhaps I should add, that the battle of Homildon was fought September 14, 1402 ; which marks the beginning of the play. The battle of Shrewsbury, which closes the First Part, took place July 21, 1403 ; Prince Henry being then only sixteen years old. The King died March 19, 1413 ; so that the two plays cover a period of about ten years and a half.

### Character of the King.

If these two plays are substantially one, it is the character of Prince Henry that makes them so ; that is, they have their unity in him ; and the common argument of them lies in the change alleged to have taken place in him on coming to the throne. Why was Henry of Monmouth so loose and wild a reveller in his youth, and yet such a proficient in noble and virtuous discipline in his manhood ? what causes, internal and external, determined him to the one ; what impulses from within, what influences from without, transformed him into the other ? Viewed in the light of this principle, the entire work, with its broad, rich variety of incident and character, and its alternations of wit and poetry, will be seen, I think, to proceed in a spirit of wise insight and design.

Accordingly, in the first scene of the play, this matter is put forth as uppermost in the King's thoughts. I refer to what passes between him and Westmoreland touching the

victory at Homildon ; where the Earl declares " it is a conquest for a prince to boast of," and the King replies,

Yea, there thou makest me sad, and makest me sin,  
In envy that my Lord Northumberland  
Should be the father to so blest a son ;  
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,  
See riot and dishonour stain the brow  
Of my young Harry. O, that it could be proved  
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged  
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay,  
And call'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet !  
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.

One reason of Prince Henry's early irregularities seems to have grown from the character of his father. All accounts agree in representing Bolingbroke as a man of great reach and sagacity ; a politician of inscrutable craft, full of insinuation, brave in the field, skilful alike at penetrating others' designs and at concealing his own ; unscrupulous alike in smiling men into his service and in crunching them up after he had used them. All which is fully borne out in that, though his reign was little else than a series of rebellions and commotions proceeding in part from the injustice whereby he reached the crown and the bad title whereby he held it, yet he always got the better of them, and even turned them to his advantage. Where he could not win the heart, cutting off the head, and ever plucking fresh security out of the dangers that beset him ; his last years, however, were much embittered, and his death probably hastened, by the anxieties growing out of his position, and the remorses consequent upon his crimes.

But, while such is the character generally ascribed to him, no historian has come near Shakespeare in the painting of it. Much of his best inspiration is given in the preceding

play of *Richard the Second*, where he is the controlling spirit. For, though Richard is the more prominent character in that play, this is not as the mover of things, but as the receiver of movements caused by another ; the effects lighting on him, while the worker of them is comparatively unseen. For one of Bolingbroke's main peculiarities is, that he looks solely to results ; and, like a true artist, the better to secure these he keeps his designs and processes in the dark ; his power thus operating so secretly, that in whatever he does the thing seems to have done itself to his hand. How intense his enthusiasm, yet how perfect his coolness and composure ! Then too how pregnant and forcible, always, yet how calm and gentle, and at times how terrible, his speech ! how easily and unconcernedly the words drop from him, yet how pat and home they are to the persons for whom and the occasions whereon they are spoken ! To all which add a flaming thirst of power, a most aspiring and mounting ambition, with an equal mixture of humility, boldness, and craft, and the result explains much of the fortune that attends him through all the plays in which he figures. For the Poet keeps him the same man throughout.

So that, taking the whole delineation together, we have, at full length and done to the life, the portrait of a man in act prompt, bold, decisive, in thought sly, subtle, far-reaching ; a character hard and cold indeed to the feelings, but written all over with success ; which has no impulsive gushes or starts, but all is study, forecast, and calm suiting of means to preappointed ends. And this perfect self-command is in great part the secret of his strange power over others, making them almost as pliant to his purposes as are the cords and muscles of his own body ; so that, as the event proves,

he grows great by their feeding, till he can compass food enough without their help, and, if they go to hindering him, can eat them up. For so it turned out with the Percys ; strong sinews indeed with him for a head ; while, against him, their very strength served but to work their own overthrow.

Some points of this description are well illustrated in what Hotspur says of him just before the battle of Shrewsbury, in the speech beginning,

The King is kind ; and well we know the King  
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.

Hotspur, to be sure, exaggerates a good deal there, as he does everywhere, still his charges have a considerable basis of truth. As further matter to the point, observe the account which the King gives of himself when remonstrating with the Prince against his idle courses ; which is not less admirable for truth of history than for skill of pencil. Equally fine, also, is the account of his predecessor immediately following that of himself ; where we see that he has the same sharp insight of men as of means, and has made Richard's follies and vices his tutors ; from his miscarriages learning how to supplant him, and perhaps encouraging his errors, that he might make a ladder of them, to mount up and overtop him. The whole scene indeed is pregnantly characteristic both of the King and the Prince. And how the King's penetrating and remorseless sagacity is flashed forth in Hotspur's outbursts of rage at his demanding all the prisoners taken at Homildon ! wherein that roll of living fire is indeed snappish enough, but then he snaps out much truth.

But, though policy was the leading trait in this able man,

nevertheless it was not so prominent but that other and better traits were strongly visible. And even in his policy there was much of the breadth and largeness which distinguish the statesman from the politician. Besides, he was a man of prodigious spirit and courage, had a real eye to the interests of his country as well as of his family, and in his wars he was humane much beyond the custom of his time. And in the last scene of the Poet's delineation of him, where he says to the Prince,

Come hither, Harry; sit thou by my bed,  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe;

though we have indeed his subtle policy working out like a ruling passion strong in death, still its workings are suffused with gushes of right feeling, enough to show that he was not all politician ; that beneath his close-knit prudence there was a soul of moral sense, a kernel of religion. Nor must I omit how the Poet, following the leadings both of nature and history, makes him to be plagued by foes springing up in his own bosom in proportion as he ceases to be worried by external enemies ; the crown beginning to scald his brows as soon as he has crushed those who would pluck it from him.

### The Hotspur of the North.

How different is the atmosphere which waits upon the group of rebel war-chiefs, whereof Hotspur is the soul, and where chivalry reigns as supremely as wit and humour do in the haunts of Falstaff ! It is difficult to speak of Hotspur satisfactorily ; not indeed but that the lines of his character are bold and emphatic enough, but rather because they are so much so. For his frame is greatly disproportioned, which

causes him to seem larger than he is ; and one of his excesses manifests itself in a wiry, red-hot speech, which burns such an impression of him into the mind as to make any commentary seem prosaic and dull. There is no mistaking him : no character in Shakespeare stands more apart in plenitude of peculiarity ; and stupidity itself cannot so disfeature him with criticism, but that he will be recognized by any one who has ever been with him. He is as much a monarch in his sphere as the King and Falstaff are in theirs ; only they rule more by power, he by stress : there is something in them that takes away the will and spirit of resistance ; he makes every thing bend to his arrogant, domineering, capricious temper. Who that has been with him in the scenes at the Palace and at Bangor can ever forget his bounding, sarcastic, overbearing spirit ? How he hits all about him, and makes the feathers fly wherever he hits ! It seems as if his tongue could go through the world, and strew the road behind it with splinters. And how steeped his speech everywhere is in the poetry of the sword ! In what compact and sinewy platoons and squadrons the words march out of his mouth in bristling rank and file ! as if from his birth he had been cradled on the iron breast of war. How doubly-charged he is, in short, with the electricity of chivalry ! insomuch that you can touch him nowhere but he gives you a shock.

In those two scenes, what with Hotspur, and what with Glendower, the poetry is as unrivalled in its kind as the wit and humour in the best scenes at Eastcheap. What a dressing Hotspur gives the silken courtier who came to demand the prisoners ! Still better, however, is the dialogue that presently follows in the same scene ; where Hotspur seems to be under a spell, a fascination of rage and scorn : nothing can check him, he cannot check himself ; because, besides

the boundings of a most turbulent and impetuous nature, he has always had his own way, having from his boyhood held the post of a feudal war-chief. Irascible, headstrong, impatient, every effort to arrest or divert him only produces a new impatience. Whatever thought strikes him, it forthwith kindles into an overmastering passion that bears down all before it. We see that he has a rough and passionate soul, great strength and elevation of mind, with little gentleness and less delicacy, and a “force of will that rises into poetry by its own chafings.” While “the passion of talk” is upon him, he fairly drifts and surges before it till exhausted, and then there supervenes an equal “passion of action.” “Speaking thick” is noted as one of his peculiarities ; and it is not clear whether the Poet took this from some tradition respecting him, or considered it a natural result of his prodigious rush and press of thought.

Another striking trait in Hotspur, resulting perhaps, in part, from his having so much passion in his head, is the singular absence of mind so well described by Prince Henry : “I am not of Percy’s mind, the Hotspur of the North ; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife, *Fie upon this quiet life ! I want work. O, my sweet Harry !* says she, *how many hast thou killed to-day ? Give my roan horse a drench,* says he ; and answers, an hour after, *Some fourteen ; a trifle, a trifle !*” So again in the scene of Hotspur and his wife at Warkworth. She winds up her strain of tender womanly remonstrance by saying,

Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,  
And I must know it, else he loves me not.

Before answering her, he calls in a servant, makes several

inquiries about his horse, and orders him to be brought into the park, hears her reproof, and exchanges divers questions with her ; then replies, “ Love ! I love thee not ; I care not for thee, Kate ” ; and presently heals up the wound :

Come, wilt thou see me ride ?  
And when I am o' horseback I will swear  
I love thee infinitely.

Here it is plain that his absence grows from a certain skittishness of mind : he has not the control of his thinking ; the issues of his brain being so conceived in fire as to preclude steadiness of attention and the pauses of thought.

The qualities I have noted in Hotspur unfit him, in a great measure, for a military leader in regular warfare, his nature being too impulsive and heady for the counterpoise of so weighty an undertaking. Too impatient and eager for the contest to concert operations ; abundantly able to fight battles, but not to scheme them ; he is qualified to succeed only in the hurly-burly of border warfare, where success comes more by fury of onset than by wisdom of plan. All which is finely apparent just before the battle of Shrewsbury, where, if not perversely wrong-headed, he is so headstrong, peremptory, and confident even to rashness, as to be quite impracticable. We see, and his fellow-chieftains see, that there is no coming to a temper with him ; he being sure to run a quarrel with any one who stands out against his proposals. Yet he is never more truly the noble Hotspur than on this occasion, when, amidst the falling-off of friends, the backwardness of allies, and the thickening of dangers, his ardent and brave spirit turns his very disadvantages into grounds of confidence.

His untamed boisterousness of tongue has one of its best

eruptions in the dispute with Glendower at Bangor, where his wit and his impudence come in for about equal shares of our admiration. He finally stops the mouth of his antagonist, or heads him off upon another subject, as he does again shortly after, in a dispute about the partitioning of the realm ; and he does it not so much by force of reason as of will and speech. His contempt of poetry is highly characteristic ; though it is observable that he has spoken more poetry than any one else in the play. But poetry is together an impulse with him, not a purpose, as it is with Glendower ; and he loses all thought of himself and his speech, in the intensity of passion with which he contemplates the object or occasion that moves him. His celebrated description of the fight between Glendower and Mortimer has been censured as offending good taste by its extravagance. It would not be in good taste indeed to put such a strain into the mouth of a contemplative sage, like Prospero ; but in Hotspur its very extravagance is in good taste, because hugely characteristic.

Hotspur is a general favourite : whether from something in himself or from the King's treatment of him, he has our good-will from the start ; nor is it without some reluctance that we set the Prince above him in our regard. Which may be owing in part to the interest we take, and justly, in his wife ; who, timid, solicitous, affectionate, and playful, is a woman of the true Shakespearian stamp. How delectable is the harmony felt between her prying, inquisitive gentleness and his rough, stormy courage ! for in her gentleness there is much strength, and his bravery is not without gentleness. The scene at Warkworth, where they first appear together, is a choice heart-refection : combining the beauty of movement and of repose, it comes into the surrounding elements like a patch of sunshine in a tempest.

## Glendower the Magician.

The best of historical matter for poetical and dramatic uses has seldom been turned to better account than in the portrait of Glendower. He is represented, with great art and equal truth, according to the superstitious belief of his time ; a belief in which himself doubtless shared : for, if the winds and tempests came *when* he wished them, it was natural for him to think, as others thought, that they came *because* he wished them. The popular ideas respecting him all belonged to the region of poetry ; and Shakespeare has given them with remarkable exactness, at the same time penetrating and filling them with his own spirit.

Crediting the alleged portents of his nativity, Glendower might well conclude he was “not in the roll of common men” ; and so betake himself to the study and practice of those magic arts which were generally believed in then, and for which he was specially marked by his birth and all the courses of his life. And for the same cause he would naturally become somewhat egotistical, long-winded, and tedious ; presuming that what was interesting to him as relating to himself would be equally so to others for its own sake. So that we need not altogether discredit Hotspur’s account of the time spent by him “in reckoning up the several devils’ names that were his lacqueys.” For, though Hotspur exaggerates here, as usual, yet we see that he has some excuse for his sauciness to Glendower, in that he has been dreadfully bored by him. And there is something ludicrous withal in the Welshman’s being so wrapped up in himself as not to perceive the unfitness of talking thus to one so hare-brained and skittish.

Glendower, however, is no ordinary enthusiast. A man

bosom of thine. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket ! Why, thou impudent, emboss'd rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern-reckonings, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded ; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it ; you will not pocket up wrong : art thou not ashamed !

*Fals.* Dost thou hear Hal ? Thou know'st, in the state of innocence Adam fell : and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy ? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty.

In all these replies there is clearly nothing more to be said. And thus, throughout, no exigency turns up but that Sir John is ready with a word that exactly fits into and fills the place. And his tactics lie not in turning upon his pursuers and holding them at bay ; but, when the time is ripe, and they seem to have caught him, he instantaneously diverts them upon another scent, or else enchant's them into a pause by his nimble-footed sallies and escapes.

Elsewhere the same faculty shows itself in a quick turning of events to his own advantage ; as at the battle of Shrewsbury, when, being assailed by Douglas, he falls down as if killed, and in that condition witnesses the fall of Hotspur ; and then claps up a scheme for appropriating the honour of his death. The stratagem must be given in his own words :

'Sblood ! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit ! I lie ; I am no counterfeit : to die, is to be a counterfeit ; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man : but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion ; in the which better part I have saved my life.—Zwounds ! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead. How, if he should counterfeit too, and rise ? By my faith, I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure ; yea, and I'll swear I killed him. Why may not he rise as well as I ? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me. Therefore, sirrah, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He then shoulders the body and walks off. Presently he meets the Prince and his brother John, throws down the body, and we have the following :

*Fals.* There is Percy! if your father will do me any honour, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.

*Prince.* Why, Percy I killed, myself, and saw thee dead.

*Fals.* Didst thou! — Lord, Lord, how this world is given to lying! — I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valour bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive, and would deny it, zounds! I would make him eat a piece of my sword.

Here his action as exactly fits into and fills the place as his words do in other cases. He carries the point, not by disputing the Prince's claim, but by making it appear that they both beat down the valiant Hotspur in succession. If the Prince left Hotspur dead, he saw Falstaff dead too. And Falstaff most adroitly clinches his scheme by giving this mistake such a turn as to accredit his own lies.

It has been said that Shakespeare displays no great force of invention; and that in the incidents of his dramas he borrows much more than he originates. It is true, he discovers no pride nor prodigality of inventiveness; he shows indeed a noble indifference on that score; cares not to get up new plots and incidents of his own where he finds them ready-made to his hand. Which is to me, as I have elsewhere remarked, good evidence that he prized novelty in such things at its true worth, and chose to spend his force on the weightier matters of his art. But he is inventive enough whenever he has occasion to be so; and in these incidents about Falstaff, as in hundreds of others, he shows

a fertility and aptness of invention in due measure and keeping with his other gifts.

Falstaff finds special matter of self-exultation in that the tranquil, easy contact and grapple of his mind acts as a potent stimulus on others, provided they be capable of it, lifting them up to his own height. "Men of all sorts," says he, "take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is ~~notable to~~ invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent, or is invented on me; I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." Here it is plain that he is himself proud of the pride that others take in girding at him; he enjoys their wit even more than they do, because he is the begetter of it. He is the flint, to draw sparks from their steel, and himself shines by the light he causes them to emit. For, in truth, to laugh and to provoke laughter is with him the chief end of man. Which is further shown in what he says of Prince John: "Good faith, this same young, sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh." He sees that the brain of this dry youth has nothing for him to get hold of or work upon; that, be he ever so witty in himself, he cannot be the cause of any wit in him; and he is vexed and chagrined that his wit fails upon him. And Johnson, speaking of Prince John's frosty-hearted virtue, well remarks that "he who cannot be softened into gayety cannot easily be melted into kindness." And, let me add, none are so hopeless as they that have no bowels. Austere boys are not apt to make large-souled men. And it was this same strait-laced youth who, in the history as in the play, afterwards broke faith with the Archbishop and other insurgent leaders near York, snapping them up with a mean and cruel act of perfidy, and, which is more, *thought the better of him*.

*self for having done so.* I suspect Prince Henry is nearer Heaven in his mirth than Prince John in his prayers !

This power of generating wit and thought in others is what, in default of entertainment for his nobler qualities, attracts the Prince ; who evidently takes to Sir John chiefly for the mental excitement of his conversation. And, on the other hand, Falstaff's pride of wit is specially gratified in the fascination he has over the Prince ; and he spares no pains, scruples no knavery, to work diversion for him. Witness what he says to himself when tempering Justice Shallow "between his finger and his thumb" : "I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow, will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders. O, you shall see him laugh, till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up."

Nor has Falstaff any difficulty in stirring up congenial motions in the Prince, insomuch that the teacher sometimes has enough to do to keep his leading. Falstaff is the same in this respect when the Prince is away ; indeed his wit is never more fluent and racy than in his soliloquies. But it is not so with the Prince ; as appears in his occasional playing with other characters, where he is indeed sprightly and sensible enough, but wants the nimbleness and raciness of wit which he displays in conversation with Sir John. The cause of which plainly is, that Falstaff has his wit in himself ; the Prince, in virtue of Falstaff's presence. With Sir John the Prince is nearly as great as he in the same kind ; without him, he has none of his greatness ; though he has a greatness of his own which is far better, and which Falstaff is so far from having in himself, that he cannot even

perceive it in another. Accordingly it is remarkable that Prince Henry is the only person in the play who understands Falstaff, and the only one too whom Falstaff does not understand.

One of Sir John's greatest triumphs is in his first scene with the Chief Justice ; the purpose of that scene being, apparently, to justify the Prince in yielding to his fascinations, by showing that there is no gravity so firm but he can thaw it into mirth, provided it be the gravity of a fertile and genial mind. And so, here, the sternness with which this wise and upright man begins is charmed into playfulness before he gets through. He slides insensibly into the style of Sir John, till at last he falls to downright punning. He even seems to draw out the interview, that he may taste the delectable spicery of Falstaff's talk ; and we fancy him laughing repeatedly in his sleeve while they are talking, and then roaring himself into stitches directly he gets out of sight. Nor, unless our inward parts be sadly out of gear, can we help loving and honouring him the more for being drawn into such an intellectual frolic by such an intellectual player.

### Falstaff's Humour.

Coleridge denies that Falstaff has, properly speaking, any humour. Coleridge is high authority indeed ; nevertheless I cannot so come at Sir John but that his whole mental structure seems pervaded with a most grateful and refreshing moisture ; nor can I well understand any definition of humour that would exclude him from being among the greatest of all both verbal and practical humourists. Just think of his proposing Bardolph,—an offscouring and package of dregs which he has picked up, nobody can guess

wherefore, unless because his face has turned into a perpetual blush and carbuncle ;—just think of his proposing such a person for security, and that too to one who knows them both ! To my sense, his humour is shown alike in the offer of such an endorser and in what he says about the refusal of it. And in his most exigent moments this juice keeps playing in with rarely-exhilarating effect, as in the exploit at Gadshill and the battle of Shrewsbury. And everywhere he manifestly takes a huge pleasure in referring to his own peculiarities, and putting upon them the most grotesque and droll and whimsical constructions, no one enjoying the jests that are vented on him more than he does himself.

Falstaff's overflowing humour results in a placid good-nature towards those about him, and attaches them by the mere remembrance of pleasure in his company. The tone of feeling he inspires is well shown in what the Hostess says when he leaves her for the wars : “ Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time ; but an honester and truer-hearted man — well, fare thee well.” She wants to say some good of him which she cannot quite say, it is so glaringly untrue ; the only instance, by the way, of her being checked by any scruples on that score. This feeling of the Hostess is especially significant in view of what has passed between them. She cannot keep angry at him, because in his roughest speeches there is something tells her it is all a mere carousal of his wits. Even when she is most at odds with him, a soothing word at once sweetens her thoughts ; so that, instead of pushing him for the money he has borrowed, she pawns her plate, to lend him ten pounds more.

And so in regard to his other associates : he often abuses

them outrageously, so far as this can be done by words, yet they are not really hurt by it, and never think of resenting it. Perhaps, indeed, they do not respect him enough to feel resentment towards him. But, in truth, the *juiciness* of his spirit not only keeps malice out of him, but keeps others from imputing it to him. Then too he lets off as great tempests of abuse upon himself, and means just as much by them : they are but exercises of his powers, and this, merely for the exercise itself ; that is, they are play ; having indeed a kind of earnestness, but it is the earnestness of sport. Hence, whether alone or in company, he not only has all his faculties about him, but takes the same pleasure in exerting them, if it may be called exertion ; for they always seem to go of their own accord. It is remarkable that he soliloquizes more than any of the Poet's characters except Hamlet ; thought being equally an everspringing impulse in them both, though, to be sure, in very different forms.

### His Practical Sagacity.

Nor is Falstaff's mind tied to exercises of wit and humour. He is indeed the greatest of make-sports, but he is something more. (He must be something more, else he could not be that.) He has as much practical sagacity and penetration as the King. Except the Prince, there is no person in the play who sees so far into the characters of those about him. Witness his remarks about Justice Shallow and his men : "It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his : they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turned into a justice-like serving-man. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master ; if to his men, I would

curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants." Which is indeed a most shrewd and searching commentary on what Sir John has just seen and heard. It is impossible to hit them off more felicitously.

I must add, that with Shallow and Silence for his theme Falstaff's wit fairly grows gigantic, and this too without any abatement of its frolicsome agility. The strain of humorous exaggeration with which he pursues the theme in soliloquy is indeed almost sublime. Yet in some of his reflections thereon, as in the passage just quoted, we have a clear though brief view of the profound philosopher underlying the profligate humourist and make-sport ; for he there discovers a breadth and sharpness of observation, and a depth of practical sagacity, such as might have placed him in the front rank of statesmen and sages.

### Is Falstaff a Coward?

I have said that Falstaff, though having a peculiar vein of something very like cowardice, is not a coward. This sounds paradoxical, but I think it just. On this point MacKenzie speaks with rare exactness. "Though," says he, "I will not go so far as to ascribe valour to Falstaff, yet his cowardice, if fairly examined, will be found to be not so much a weakness as a principle : he has the sense of danger, but not the discomposure of fear." In approval of this, it is to be observed that amid the perilous exigencies of the fight his matchless brain is never a whit palsied with fear ; and no sooner has he fallen down to save his life by a counterfeit death, than all his wits are at work to convert his fall into a purchase of honour. Certainly his cowardice, if the word must still be applied to him, is not such as either to keep him out of danger or to lose him the use of his powers

in it. Whether surrounded with pleasures or perils, his sagacity never in the least forsakes him ; and his unabated purlings of humour when death is busy all about him, and even when others are taunting him with cowardice, seem hardly reconcilable with the character generally set upon him in this respect.

As there is no touch of poetry in Falstaff, he sees nothing in the matter of honour but the sign ; and he has more good sense than to set such a value on this as to hazard that for which alone he holds it desirable. To have his name seasoned sweet in the world's regard he does not look upon as signifying any real worth in himself, and so furnishing just ground of self-respect ; but only as it may yield him the pleasures and commodities of life : whereas the very soul of honour is, that it will sooner part with life than forfeit this ground of self-respect. For honour, true honour, is indeed a kind of social conscience.

### Relation of Falstaff and the Prince.

Falstaff is altogether the greatest triumph of the comic Muse that the world has to show. In this judgment I believe that all who have fairly conversed with the irresistible old sinner are agreed. In the varied and delectable wealth of his conversation, it is not easy to select such parts as are most characteristic of the man ; and I have rather aimed to quote what would best illustrate my points than what is best in itself. Of a higher order and a finer texture than any thing I have produced is the scene where Falstaff personates the King, to examine the Prince upon the particulars of his life. It is too long for quotation here ; and I can but refer to it as probably the choicest issue of comic preparation that genius has ever bequeathed to human enjoyment.

Upon the whole, then, I think Falstaff may be justly described as having all the intellectual qualities that enter into the composition of practical wisdom, without one of the moral. If to his powers of understanding were joined an imagination equal, it is hardly too much to say he would be as great a poet as Shakespeare. And in all this we have, it seems to me, just the right constituents of perfect fitness for the dramatic purpose and exigency which his character was meant to answer. In his solid and clear understanding, his discernment and large experience, his fulness and quickness of wit and resource, and his infinite humour, what were else dark in the life of Prince Henry is made plain ; and we can hardly fail to see how he is drawn to what is in itself bad indeed, yet drawn in virtue of something within him that still prefers him in our esteem. With less of wit, sense, and spirit, Sir John could have got no hold on the Prince ; and if to these attractive qualities he had not joined others of a very odious and repulsive kind, he would have held him too fast.

### Falstaff's Immoralities.

I suppose it is no paradox to say that, hugely as we delight to be with Falstaff, he is notwithstanding just about the last man that any one would wish to resemble ; which fact, as I take it, is enough of itself to keep the pleasure of his part free from any moral infection or taint. And our repugnance to being like him is not so much because he offends the moral feelings as because he hardly touches them at all, one way or the other. The character seems to lie mainly out of their sphere ; and they agree to be silent towards him, as having practically disrobed himself of moral attributes. Now, however bad we may be, these are proba-

bly the last elements of our being that we would consent to part with. Nor, perhaps, is there any thing that our nature so vitally shrinks away from, as to have men's moral feelings sleep concerning us. To be treated as beneath blame, is the greatest indignity that can be offered us. Who would not rather be hated by men than be such as they should not respect enough to hate?

This aloofness of the moral feelings seems owing in great part to the fact of the character impressing us, throughout, as that of a player ; though such a player, whose good sense keeps every thing stagey and theatrical out of his playing. He lives but to furnish, for himself and others, intellectual wine, and his art lies in turning every thing about him into this. His immoralities are mostly such wherein the ludicrous element is prominent ; and in the entertainment of this their other qualities are lost sight of. The animal susceptibilities of our nature are in him carried up to their highest pitch ; his several appetites hug their respective objects with exquisite gust ; his vast plumpness is all mellow with physical delight and satisfaction ; and he converts it all into thought and mirth. Moreover his speech borrows additional flavour and effect from the thick foldings of flesh which it oozes through ; therefore he glories in his much flesh, and cherishes it as being the procreant cradle of jests : if his body is fat, it enables his tongue to drop fatness ; and in the chambers of his brain all the pleasurable agitations that pervade the structure below are curiously wrought into mental delectation. With how keen and inexhaustible a relish does he pour down sack, as if he tasted it all over and through his body, to the ends of his fingers and toes ! yet who does not see that he has more pleasure in discoursing about it than in drinking it ? And so it is through all the

particulars of his enormous sensuality. And he makes the same use of his vices and infirmities ; nay, he often caricatures those he has, and sometimes affects those he has not, that he may get the same profit out of them.

Thus Falstaff strikes us, throughout, as acting a part ; insomuch that our conscience of right and wrong has little more to do with the man himself than with a good representation of him on the stage. And his art, if not original and innate, has become second nature : if the actor was not born with him, it has grown to him, and become a part of him, so that he cannot lay it off ; and if he has nobody else to entertain, he must still keep playing for the entertainment of himself. But because we do not think of applying moral tests to him, therefore, however we may surrender to his fascinations, we never feel any respect for him. And it is very considerable that he has no self-respect. The reason of which is close at hand : for respect is a sentiment of which mere players, as such, are not legitimate objects. Not but that actors may be very worthy, upright men : there have been many capital gentlemen among them : as such, they are indeed abundantly respectable : but in the useful callings men are respected for their calling's sake, even though their characters be not deserving of respect ; which seems not to be the case with men of the stage. And as Falstaff is no less a player to himself than to others, he therefore respects himself as little as others respect him.

It must not be supposed, however, that because he touches the moral feelings so little one way or the other, therefore his company and conversation were altogether harmless to those who actually shared them. It is not, cannot be so ; nor has the Poet so represented it. “Evil communications corrupt good manners,” whether known and felt to be evil or not.

And so the ripe understanding of Falstaff himself teaches us : “ It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases one of another ; therefore let men take heed of their company.” In the intercourse of men there are always certain secret, mysterious influences at work : the conversation of others affects us without our knowing it, and by methods past our finding out ; and it is always a sacrament of harm to be in the society of those whom we do not respect.

In all that happens to Falstaff, the being cast off at last by the Prince is the only thing that really hurts his feelings. And as this is the only thing that hurts him, so it is the only one that does him any good : for he is strangely inaccessible to inward suffering ; and yet nothing but this can make him better. His character keeps on developing, and growing rather worse, to the end of the play ; and there are some positive indications of a hard bad heart in him. His abuse of Shallow’s hospitality is exceedingly detestable, and argues that hardening of all within which tells far more against a man than almost any amount of mere sensuality. For it is a great mistake to suppose that our sensual vices, though they may and often do work the most harm to ourselves, are morally the worst. The malignant vices, those that cause us to take pleasure in the pain or damage of others, — it is in these that Hell is most especially concentrated. Satan is neither a glutton nor a wine-bibber ; he himself stoops not to the lusts of the flesh, though he delights to see his poor dupes eaten up by them : but to gloat over or to feast on the agonies that one inflicts, this is truly Satanic. In the matter about Justice Shallow we are let into those worse traits of Falstaff, such as his unscrupulous and unrelenting selfishness, which had else escaped our dull perceptions, but which, through all

the disguises of art, have betrayed themselves to the apprehensive discernment of Prince Henry. Thus we here come upon the delicate thread which connects that sapient Justice with what I have stated to be the main purpose of the drama. The bad usage which Falstaff puts upon Shallow has the effect of justifying to us the usage which he at last receives from the Prince. And something of the kind was needful in order to bring the Prince's character off from such an act altogether bright and sweet in our regard. For, after sharing so long in the man's prodigality of mental exhilaration, to shut down upon him so, was pretty hard.

I must not leave Sir John without remarking how he is a sort of public brain from which shoot forth nerves of communication through all the limbs and members of the commonwealth. The most broadly-representative, perhaps, of all ideal characters, his conversations are as diversified as his capabilities ; so that through him the vision is let forth into a long-drawn yet clear perspective of old English life and manners. What a circle of vices and obscurities and nobilities are sucked into his train ! how various in size and quality the orbs that revolve around him and shine by his light ! from the immediate heir of England and the righteous Lord Chief Justice to poor Robin Ostler who died of one idea, having “never joy'd since the price of oats rose.” He is indeed a multitudinous man ; and can spin fun enough out of his marvellous brain to make all the world “laugh and grow fat.”

### Mrs. Quickly the Hostess.

We have had several glimpses of Mrs. Quickly, the Hostess of Eastcheap. She is well worth a steady looking at. One of the most characteristic passages in the play is her

account of Falstaff's engagement to her ; which has been aptly commented on by Coleridge as showing how her mind runs altogether in the rut of actual events. She can think of things only in the precise order of their occurrence, having no power to select such as touch her purpose, and to detach them from the circumstantial irrelevancies with which they are consorted in her memory.

In keeping with this mental peculiarity, her character savours strongly of her whereabout in life ; she is plentifully trimmed with vices and vulgarities, and these all taste rankly of her place and calling, thus showing that she has as much of moral as of mental passiveness. Notwithstanding, she always has an odour of womanhood about her, even her worst features being such as none but a woman could have. Nor is her character, with all its ludicrous and censurable qualities, unrelieved, as we have seen, by traits of generosity that relish equally of her sex. It is even doubtful whether she would have entertained Sir John's proposals of marriage so favourably, but that at the time of making them he was in a condition to need her kindness. Her woman's heart could not stint itself from the plump old sinner when he had wounds to be dressed and pains to be soothed. And who but a woman could speak such words of fluttering eagerness as she speaks in urging on his arrest : "Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare ; do me, do me, do me your offices" ; where her heart seems palpitating with an anxious hope that her present action may make another occasion for her kind ministrations ? Sometimes, indeed, she gets wrought up to a pretty high pitch of temper, but she cannot hold herself there ; and between her turns of anger and her returns to sweetness there is room for more of womanly feeling than I shall venture to describe. And there

is still more of the woman in the cunning simplicity—or is it simpleness?—with which she manages to keep her good opinion of Sir John; as when, on being told that at his death “he cried out of women, and said they were devils incarnate,” she replies, “‘A never could abide carnation; ‘twas a colour he never liked’”; as if she could find no sense in his words but what would stand smooth with her interest and her affection.

It is curious to observe how Mrs. Quickly dwells on the confines of virtue and shame, and sometimes plays over the borders, ever clinging to the reputation, and perhaps to the consciousness, of the one, without foreclosing the invitations of the other. For it is very evident that even in her worst doings she hides from herself their ill-favour under a fair name; as people often paint the cheeks of their vices, and then look them sweetly in the face, though they cannot but know the paint is all that keeps them from being unsightly and loathsome. In her case, however, this may spring, in part, from a simplicity not unlike that which sometimes causes little children to shut their eyes at what affrights them, and then think themselves safe. And yet she shows considerable knowledge of the world; is not without shrewdness in her way; but, in truth, the world her soul lives in, and grows intelligent of, is itself a discipline of moral obtuseness; and this is one reason why she loves it. On the whole, therefore, Mrs. Quickly must be set down as a naughty woman; the Poet clearly meant her so; and, in mixing so much of good with the general preponderance of bad in her composition, he has shown a rare spirit of wisdom, such as may well remind us that “both good men and bad men are apt to be less so than they seem.”

### Shallow and Silence.

Such is one formation of life to which the Poet conducts us by a pathway leading from Sir John. But we have an avenue opening out from him into a much richer formation. Aside from the humour of the characters themselves, there is great humour of art in the bringing-together of Falstaff and Shallow. Whose risibilities are not quietly shaken up to the centre, as he studies the contrast between them, and the sources of their interest in each other? Shallow is vastly proud of his acquaintance with Sir John, and runs over with consequentiality as he reflects upon it. Sir John understands this perfectly, and is drawn to him quite as much for the pleasure of making a butt of him as in the hope of currying a road to his purse.

One of the most potent spots in Justice Shallow is the exulting self-complacency with which he remembers his youthful essays in profligacy; wherein, though without suspecting it, he was the sport and byword of his companions; he having shown in them the same boobyish alacrity as he now shows in prating about them. His reminiscences in this line are superlatively diverting, partly, perhaps, as reminding us of a perpetual sort of people, not unfrequently met with in the intercourse of life.

Another choice spot in Shallow is a huge love or habit of talking on when he has nothing to say; as though his tongue were hugging and kissing his words. Thus, when Sir John asks to be excused from staying with him over night: "I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused." And he lingers upon his words and keeps rolling them over in his mouth with a still

keener relish in the garden after supper. This fond caressing of his phrases springs not merely from sterility of thought, but partly also from that vivid self-appreciation which causes him to dwell with such rapture on the spirited sallies of his youth.

One more point about fetches the compass of his genius, he being considerable mainly for his loquacious thinness. It is well instanced in his appreciation of Sir John's witticism on Mouldy, one of the recruits he is taking up :

*Fals.* Is thy name Mouldy ?

*Moul.* Yea, an't please you.

*Fals.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i'faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : very singular good ! In faith, well said, Sir John ; very well said.

The mixture of conceit and sycophancy here is charming. Of course it is not so much the wit as his own perception of the wit, that the critic admires.

One would suppose the force of feebleness had done its best in Shallow, yet it is made to do several degrees better in his cousin, Justice Silence. The tautology of the one has its counterpart in the taciturnity of the other. And Shallow's habit in this may have grown, in part, from talking to his cousin, and getting no replies ; for Silence has scarce life enough to answer, unless it be to echo the question. The only faculty he seems to have is memory, and he has not force enough of his own to set even this in motion ; nothing but excess of wine can make it stir. So that his taciturnity is but the proper outside of his essential vacuity, and springs from sheer dearth of soul. He is indeed a stupendous platitude of a man ! The character is poetical by a sort of inversion ; as extreme ugliness sometimes has the effect of beauty, and fascinates the eye.

Shakespeare evinces a peculiar delight sometimes in weaving poetical conceptions round the leanest subjects ; and we have no finer instance of this than where Silence, his native sterility of brain being overcome by the working of sack on his memory, keeps pouring forth snatches from old ballads. How delicately comical the volubility with which he trundles off the fag-ends of popular ditties, when in “the sweet of the night” his heart has grown rich with the exhilaration of wine ! Who can ever forget the exquisite humour of the contrast between Silence dry and Silence drunk ?

In this vocal flow of Silence we catch the right spirit and style of old English mirth. For he must have passed his life in an atmosphere of song, since it was only by dint of long custom and endless repetition that so passive a memory as his could have got stored with such matter. And the snatches he sings are fragments of old minstrelsy “that had long been heard in the squire’s hall and the yeoman’s chimney-corner,” where friends and neighbours were wont to “sing aloud old songs, the precious music of the heart.”

These two sapient Justices are admirably fitted to each other, for indeed they have worn together. Shallow highly appreciates his kinsman, who in turn looks up to him as his great man, and as a kind of superior nature. It were hardly fair to quit them without referring to their piece of dialogue about old Double ; where in all the ludicrous oddity of the thing we have touches that “feelingly persuade us what we are.” And I suppose there is none so poor shell of humanity but that, if we apply our ear, and listen intently, “from within are heard murmurings whereby the monitor expresses mysterious union with its native sea.” It is considerable that this bit of dialogue occurs at our first meeting with the

speakers ; as if on purpose to set and gauge our feelings aright towards them ; to forestall and prevent an overmuch rising of contempt for them ; which is probably about the worst feeling we can cherish.

### Concluding Remarks.

The drama of *King Henry the Fourth*, taking the two Parts as artistically one, is deservedly ranked among the very highest of Shakespeare's achievements. The characterization, whether for quantity or quality or variety, or again whether regarded in the individual development or the dramatic combination, is above all praise. And yet, large and free as is the scope here given to invention, the parts are all strictly subordinated to the idea of the whole as an historical drama ; insomuch that even Falstaff, richly ideal as is the character, everywhere helps on the history ; a whole century of old English wit and sense and humour being crowded together and compacted in him. And one is surprised withal, upon reflection, to see how many scraps and odd minutes of intelligence are here to be met with. The Poet seems indeed to have been almost everywhere, and brought away some tincture and relish of the place ; as though his body were set full of eyes, and every eye took in matter of thought and memory : here we have the smell of eggs and butter ; there we turn up a fragment of old John of Gaunt ; elsewhere we chance upon a pot of Tewksbury mustard ; again we hit a bit of popular superstition, how Earl Douglas "runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular" : on the march with Falstaff, we contemplate "the cankers of a calm world and a long peace" ; at Clement's Inn we hear "the chimes at midnight" ; at Master Shal-

low's we "eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways and so forth": now we are amidst the poetries of chivalry and the felicities of victory; now amidst the obscure sufferings of war, where its inexorable iron hand enters the widow's cottage, and snatches away the land's humblest comforts. And so I might go on indefinitely, the particulars in this kind being so numerous as might well distract the mind, yet so skilfully composed that the number seems not large, till by a special effort of thought one goes to viewing them severally. And these particulars, though so unnoticed or so little noticed in the detail, are nevertheless so ordered that they all tell in the result. How strong is the principle of organic unity and life pervading the whole, may be specially instanced in Falstaff; whose sayings everywhere so fit and cleave to the circumstances, to all the oddities of connection and situation out of which they grow; have such a mixed smacking, such a various and composite relish, made up from all the peculiarities of the person by whom, the occasion wherein, and the purpose for which they are spoken, that they cannot be detached and set out by themselves without thwarting or greatly marring their force and flavour. Thus in the farthest extremities of the work we feel the beatings of one common heart. On the whole, we may safely affirm with Dr. Johnson, that "perhaps no author has ever, in two plays, afforded so much delight."



# KING HENRY IV. PART SECOND.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.		TRAVERS and MORTON, Retainers of Northumberland.
HENRY, Prince of Wales,		
THOMAS, Duke of Clarence,	his	FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, PISTOL, and
PRINCE JOHN of Lancaster,	Sons.	a Page.
HUMPHREY, Duke of Gloster,		POINTZ and PETO.
EARL of WARWICK,	of the	SHALLOW and SILENCE.
EARL of WESTMORELAND,	King's	DAVY, Servant to Shallow.
GOWER, HARCOURT,	Party.	MOULDY, SHADOW,
Sir WILLIAM GASCOIGNE, Lord		WART, FEEBLE, and Recruits.
Chief Justice.		BULLCALF,
A Gentleman attending on him.		FANG and SNARE, Sheriff's Officers.
EARL of NORTHUMBERL'D,		RUMOUR, the Presenter.
SCROOP, Archbp. of York,		A Porter. A Dancer.
LORD MOWBRAY,	against	LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.
LORD HASTINGS,	the	LADY PERCY.
LORD BARDOLPH,		Hostess QUICKLY.
Sir JOHN COLEVILLE,		DOLL TEARSHEET.

Ladies, and Attendants; Officers, Soldiers, Messenger, Drawers, Beadles, Grooms, &c.

SCENE.—*England.*

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## INDUCTION.

*Warkworth. Before Northumberland's Castle.*

*Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.<sup>1</sup>*

*Rum.* Open your ears; for which of you will stop  
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks?

<sup>1</sup> Such was the common way of representing this personage, no unfre-

I, from the Orient to the drooping West,  
 Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold  
 The acts commencèd on this ball of Earth :  
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,  
 The which in every language I pronounce,  
 Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.  
 I speak of peace, while covert enmity,  
 Under the smile of safety, wounds the world :  
 And who but Rumour, who but only I,  
 Make fearful musters and prepared defence,  
 Whilst the big year, swoln with some other grief,  
 Is thought so made by the stern tyrant war,  
 And no such matter ? Rumour is a pipe  
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures ;  
 And of so easy and so plain a stop,<sup>2</sup>  
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,  
 The still-discordant wavering multitude,  
 Can play upon it. But what<sup>3</sup> need I thus  
 My well-known body to anathomize  
 Among my household ? Why is Rumour here ?  
 I run before King Harry's victory ;  
 Who, in a bloody field by Shrewsbury,

quent character in the masques of the Poet's time. In a masque on St. Stephen's Night, 1614, by Thomas Campion, *Rumour* comes on in a skin coat *full of winged tongues*. Students of Latin will at once recognize the substantial likeness, not to say identity, of Shakespeare's Rumour and Virgil's *Fama*; one side of whose nature is choicely described in the following from Bacon's *Essay of Fame* : "The poets make Fame a monster: they describe her in part finely and elegantly, and in part gravely and sententiously; they say, Look, how many feathers she hath, so many eyes she hath underneath, so many tongues, so many voices, she pricks up so many ears."

<sup>2</sup> The *stops* are the holes in a flute or pipe.

<sup>3</sup> *What* occurs very often, as here, with the exact force of the interrogative *why*.

Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,  
Quenching the flame of bold rebellion  
Even with the rebels' blood. But what mean I  
To speak so true at first? my office is  
To noise abroad, that Harry Monmouth fell  
Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword;  
And that the King before the Douglas' rage  
Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.  
This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns  
Between that royal field of Shrewsbury  
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,<sup>4</sup>  
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,  
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,  
And not a man of them brings other news  
Than they have learn'd of me: from Rumour's tongues  
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.<sup>5</sup>

[Exit.

<sup>4</sup> Warkworth Castle, the residence of Northumberland.

<sup>5</sup> Here *wrongs* evidently means *harms, hurts, disasters, or discomforts*; as "*true wrongs*" stands in full antithesis to "*comforts false*." And *wrong* has the same radical sense as *wring* and *wrest*, all being from the same root. So in *Julius Cæsar*, iii. 1: "Cæsar did never *wrong* but with *just cause*, nor without cause will he be satisfied."

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Same.**Enter Lord BARDOLPH.**L. Bard.* Who keeps the gate here, ho?*Enter Porter, above.*

Where is the earl?

*Port.* What shall I say you are?*L. Bard.* Tell thou the earl  
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.*Port.* His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard :  
Please it your Honour, knock but at the gate,  
And he himself will answer.*L. Bard.* Here comes the earl.[*Exit Porter above.**Enter NORTHUMBERLAND.**North.* What news, Lord Bardolph? every minute now  
Should be the father of some stratagem :<sup>1</sup>  
The times are wild ; contention, like a horse  
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose,  
And bears down all before him.*L. Bard.* Noble earl,  
I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.*North.* Good, an God will !*L. Bard.* As good as heart can wish :

<sup>1</sup> *Stratagem* for *dreadful event* or *calamity*. So in *3 Henry VI.*, ii. 5 :  
" What *stratagems*, how fell, how *butcherly*, this deadly quarrel daily doth  
beget ! "

The King is almost wounded to the death ;  
And, in the fortune of my lord your son,  
Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts  
Kill'd by the hand of Douglas ; young Prince John  
And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field ;  
And Harry Monmouth's brawn,<sup>2</sup> the hulk Sir John,  
Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day,  
So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,  
Came not till now to dignify the times,  
Since Cæsar's fortunes !

*North.* How is this derived ?

Saw you the field ? came you from Shrewsbury ?

*L. Bard.* I spake with one, my lord, that came from  
thence,

A gentleman well bred and of good name,  
That freely render'd me these news for true.

*North.* Here comes my servant Travers, whom I sent  
On Tuesday last to listen after news.

*L. Bard.* My lord, I over-rode him on the way ;  
And he is furnish'd with no certainties  
More than he haply may retail from me.

*Enter TRAVERS.*

*North.* Now, Travers, what good tidings come with you ?

*Tra.* My lord, Sir John Umfreville turn'd me back  
With joyful tidings ; and, being better horsed,  
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard  
A gentleman, almost forspent<sup>3</sup> with speed,

<sup>2</sup> Prince Henry was surnamed Monmouth from the town of that name in Wales, where he was born.—*Brawn*, here, is *roll of flesh*. See page 103, note 16, First Part.

<sup>3</sup> *Forspent* is *spent utterly* ; the prepositive *for* being here intensive.

That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.  
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him  
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury :  
He told me that rebellion had ill luck,  
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.  
With that, he gave his able horse the head,  
And, bending forward, struck his armèd heels  
Against the panting sides of his poor jade  
Up to the rowel-head ; and, starting so,  
He seem'd in running to devour the way,<sup>4</sup>  
Staying no longer question.

Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold?  
Of Hotspur, Coldspur? that rebellion  
Had met ill luck?

*L. Bard.* My lord, I'll tell you what:  
If my young lord your son have not the day,  
Upon mine honour, for a silken point<sup>5</sup>  
I'll give my barony: ne'er talk of it.

*North.* Why should the gentleman that rode by Travers Give, then, such instances of loss?

*L. Bard.* Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow,<sup>6</sup> that had stol'n  
The horse he rode on ; and, upon my life,  
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

*Enter MORTON.*

*North.* Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>4</sup> So in Job: "He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage."

<sup>5</sup> A silken point is a tagged lace. See page 107, note 26, First Part.

<sup>6</sup> *Hilding* was a term of contempt for a vile, cowardly person.

<sup>7</sup> Alluding to the title-pages of elegies, which were printed all black.

Foretells the nature of a tragic volume :  
So looks the strand whereon th' imperious flood  
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.<sup>8</sup> —  
Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

*Mor.* I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord ;  
Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask  
To fright our party.

*North.* How doth my son and brother ?  
Thou tremblest ; and the whiteness in thy cheek  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain <sup>9</sup> in the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt ;  
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,  
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it.  
This thou wouldest say, *Your son did thus and thus* ;  
*Your brother thus* ; *so fought the noble Douglas* ;  
Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds :  
But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,  
Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise,  
Ending with *Brother, son, and all are dead*.

*Mor.* Douglas is living, and your brother, yet ;  
But, for my lord your son, —

*North.* Why, he is dead.  
See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !  
He that but fears the thing he would not know  
Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes  
That what he fear'd is chancèd. Yet speak, Morton ;

<sup>8</sup> An attestation of its ravage. *Usurpation* very much in the sense of encroachment ; invading another's rights.

<sup>9</sup> That is, *withdrew* the curtain, or drew it aside.

Tell thou thy earl his divination lies,  
And I will take it as a sweet disgrace,  
And make thee rich for doing me such wrong.

*Mor.* You are too great to be by me gainsaid :  
Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain,

*North.* Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.  
I see a strange confession in thine eye :  
Thou shakest thy head, and hold'st it fear<sup>10</sup> or sin  
To speak a truth. If he be slain, say so ;  
The tongue offends not that reports his death :  
And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,  
Not he which says the dead is not alive.  
Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news  
Hath but a losing office ; and his tongue  
Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,<sup>11</sup>  
Remember'd knolling a departing friend.

*L. Bard.* I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

*Mor.* I'm sorry I should force you to believe  
That which I would to God I had not seen ;  
But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,  
Rendering faint quittance,<sup>12</sup> wearied and outbreathed,  
To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat down  
The never-daunted Percy to the earth,

<sup>10</sup> *Fear for danger*, or the thing feared, or that should be feared.

<sup>11</sup> *Sullen*, here, is *gloomy* or *dismal*. Often so. — The allusion is to what was called the *passing-bell*; it being an old custom in England to give notice, by the tolling of a bell, when any one was in the agonies of death, that those who heard it might offer up their prayers in behalf of the dying person. So Sir Thomas Browne, in *Religio Medici*, 1643: "I never hear the toll of a *passing-bell*, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit."

<sup>12</sup> *Quittance* is *requital* or *return*. A feeble return of *blows* is the meaning. The Poet has *quittance* repeatedly so.

From whence with life he never more sprung up.  
In few, his death — whose spirit lent a fire  
Even to the dullest peasant in his camp —  
Being bruited<sup>13</sup> once, took fire and heat away  
From the best-temper'd courage in his troops ;  
For from his metal was his party steel'd ;  
Which once in him abated, all the rest  
Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead :  
And as the thing that's heavy in itself,  
Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed,  
So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,  
Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear,  
That arrows fly not swifter toward their aim  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field. Then was the noble Worcester  
Too soon ta'en prisoner ; and that furious Scot,  
The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword  
Had three times slain th' appearance of the King,  
Gan vail his stomach,<sup>14</sup> and did grace the shame  
Of those that turn'd their backs ; and in his flight,  
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all  
Is, that the King hath won ; and hath sent out  
A speedy power t' encounter you, my lord,  
Under the conduct of young Lancaster  
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full.

*North.* For this I shall have time enough to mourn.  
In poison there is physic ; and these news,  
Having been well, that would have made me sick,

<sup>13</sup> *Bruited* is *noised abroad* or *reported*.

<sup>14</sup> Began to fall his courage, to let his spirits sink under his fortune. To *vail* is to *lower*, to *cast down*. — *Stomach* was often used for *courage*, and sometimes for *pride*.

Being sick, have in some measure made me well :  
 And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,  
 Like strengthless hinges, buckle<sup>15</sup> under life,  
 Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire  
 Out of his keeper's arms ; even so my limbs,  
 Weaken'd with grief, being now enraged with grief,<sup>16</sup>  
 Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou nice<sup>17</sup> crutch !  
 A scaly gauntlet now, with joints of steel,  
 Must glove this hand : and hence, thou sickly quoif !<sup>18</sup>  
 Thou art a guard too wanton for the head  
 Which princes, flesh'd<sup>19</sup> with conquest, aim to hit.  
 Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach  
 The ragged'st<sup>20</sup> hour that time and spite dare bring  
 To frown upon th' enraged Northumberland !  
 Let heaven kiss earth ! now let not Nature's hand  
 Keep the wild flood confined ! let order die !  
 And let this world no longer be a stage  
 To feed contention in a lingering act ;  
 But let one spirit of the first-born Cain  
 Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set  
 On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,  
 And darkness be the burier of the dead !

*Tra.* This strainèd passion doth you wrong, my lord.

<sup>15</sup> To *buckle* is to *bend* ; as in our American phrase, “ buckle down to it.” The word is used as a transitive verb in Bacon’s *Advancement of Learning* : “ Reason doth *buckle* and bow the mind to the nature of things.”

<sup>16</sup> *Grief*, in the latter part of this line, is used in its present sense, for *sorrow* ; in the former part, for *bodily pain*.

<sup>17</sup> *Nice* is here used in the sense of *effeminate, delicate, tender*.

<sup>18</sup> *Sickly quoif* is *cap* or *hood* worn in sickness. The word occurs again in *The Winter’s Tale*, iv. 3 : “ Golden quoifs and stomachers.”

<sup>19</sup> *Flesh’d* is *elated* or *made exultant* ; *flushed*. See *King John*, page 126, note 5.

<sup>20</sup> Both *ragged* and *rugged* were sometimes used for *rough*.

*L. Bard.* Sweet<sup>21</sup> earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

*Mor.* The lives of all your loving complices  
 Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er  
 To stormy passion, must perforce decay.  
 You cast th' event of war, my noble lord,  
 And summ'd th' account of chance, before you said,  
*Let us make head.* It was your presurmise  
 That, in the dole<sup>22</sup> of blows, your son might drop ;  
 You knew he walk'd o'er perils on an edge,  
 More likely to fall in than to get o'er ;  
 You were advised his flesh was capable<sup>23</sup>  
 Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit  
 Would lift him where most trade<sup>24</sup> of danger ranged :  
 Yet did you say, *Go forth* ; and none of this,  
 Though strongly apprehended, could restrain  
 The stiff-borne action :<sup>25</sup> what hath, then, befall'n,  
 Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,  
 More than that being which was like to be ?

*L. Bard.* We all that are engag'd to<sup>26</sup> this loss  
 Knew that we ventured on such dangerous seas,  
 That, if we wrought out life, 'twas ten to one ;

<sup>21</sup> The old poets apply *sweet* to persons precisely as we do *dear*.

<sup>22</sup> *Dole* is a *dealing* or *distribution*. So the Poet has “*dole of honour*.”

<sup>23</sup> *Advised* is the same as *knew*, or *were aware*. — *Capable* is *susceptible*. — To “walk o'er perils on an edge” is to cross a deep ravine or chasm on the edge of a plank, or something as narrow as that. So in the First Part, i. 3 : “As full of peril as to o'er-walk a current roaring loud on the unsteady footing of a spear.”

<sup>24</sup> *Trade* for *resort* or *concourse*. See *Richard the Second*, page 114, note 14.

<sup>25</sup> *Stiff-borne* is *obstinately maintained*. So the Bible has *stiff-necked* for *obstinate*.

<sup>26</sup> Such was the common phraseology of the time.

And yet we ventured, for the gain proposed  
 Choked the respect<sup>27</sup> of likely peril fear'd ;  
 And, since we are o'erset, venture again.  
 Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

*Mor.* 'Tis more than time : and, my most noble lord,  
 I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,  
 The gentle Archbishop of York is up  
 With well-appointed<sup>28</sup> powers : he is a man  
 Who with a double surety binds his followers.  
 My lord your son had only but the corpse',<sup>29</sup>  
 But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;  
 For that same word, rebellion, did divide  
 The action of their bodies from their souls ;  
 And they did fight with queasiness,<sup>30</sup> constrain'd,  
 As men drink potions ; that<sup>31</sup> their weapons only  
 Seem'd on our side, but, for their spirits and souls,  
 This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,  
 As fish are in a pond. But now the bishop  
 Turns insurrection to religion :  
 Supposed sincere and holy in his thoughts,  
 He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;  
 And doth enlarge his rising with the blood<sup>32</sup>  
 Of fair King Richard, scraped from Pomfret stones ;  
 Derives from Heaven his quarrel and his cause ;  
 Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,<sup>33</sup>

<sup>27</sup> Here, as often, *respect* is *consideration* or *regard*.

<sup>28</sup> *Well-appointed* is *well-equipped*, *well-furnished*. Often so.

<sup>29</sup> Here, again, *corpse'* is a contraction for *corpses*.

<sup>30</sup> *Queasiness* is *squeamishness*, *disgust*, or *nausea*.

<sup>31</sup> *That for so that*, or *insomuch that*; a very frequent usage.

<sup>32</sup> Augments or strengthens the insurrection by carrying about the blood  
 of King Richard, to which the people flock as a hallowed relic.

<sup>33</sup> That is, stand over his country, as she lies bleeding and prostrate, to

Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;  
And more and less<sup>34</sup> do flock to follow him.

*North.* I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth,  
This present grief had wiped it from my mind.  
Go in with me ; and counsel every man  
The aptest way for safety and revenge :  
Get posts and letters, and make friends with speed ;  
Never so few, and never yet more need. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*London. A Street.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.*

*Fal.* Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water?<sup>1</sup>

*Page.* He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water ; but, for the party that owed<sup>2</sup> it, he might have more diseases than he knew for.

*Fal.* Men of all sorts take a pride to gird<sup>3</sup> at me : the brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me : I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than

protect her. It was the office of a friend to protect his fallen comrade in battle in this manner. See *First Part Henry IV.*, page 171, note 11.

<sup>34</sup> *More and less* is *great and small* ; that is, *all ranks* of people.

<sup>1</sup> One of the old medical quackeries was, to make a diagnosis by inspecting the patient's urine, and instruments called urinals were in common use for that purpose. The practice is often alluded to by old writers.

<sup>2</sup> *Owed* for *owned*, as usual. See *The Tempest*, page 70, note 92.

<sup>3</sup> Gifford says that *gird* is but a metathesis of *gride*, meaning, literally, a thrust, a blow ; metaphorically, a smart stroke of wit, a taunt, or sarcastic retort.

to set me off, why, then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate<sup>4</sup> till now: but I will set you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal,<sup>5</sup> the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledged. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall<sup>6</sup> get one on his cheek; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face-royal! God may finish it when He will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet: he may keep it still as a face-royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it;<sup>7</sup> and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dombledon about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?<sup>8</sup>

*Page.* He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph: he would not take his bond and yours; he liked not the security.

<sup>4</sup> The words *mandrake* and *agate* refer to the small size of the *Page*. The *mandrake* is an herb of narcotic qualities, which, being forked in the root, was said to resemble a human creature, and to utter a cry when pulled up from the earth. *Agates* were often cut into images, to be worn in rings and brooches, and thence came to be used metaphorically for diminutive persons. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Mercutio describes Queen Mab to be "no bigger than an *agate-stone* on the forefinger of an alderman."

<sup>5</sup> *Juvenal* for a *youth*; so used repeatedly by Shakespeare, and very often by Chaucer.

<sup>6</sup> This well illustrates the old indiscriminate use of *shall* and *will*. Here, according to the present idiom, the two should change places.

<sup>7</sup> Steevens imagines that there may be a quibble intended on the coin called a *real*, or *royal*; that a barber can no more earn sixpence by his face than by the face stamped on the coin, the one requiring as little shaving as the other.

<sup>8</sup> *Slops* is *large trousers* or *breeches*. See *Much Ado*, page 72, note 6.

*Fal.* Let him be damn'd, like the glutton ! pray God his tongue be hotter !<sup>9</sup> A whoreson Achitophel ! a rascally yea-forsooth knave !<sup>10</sup> to bear a gentleman in hand,<sup>11</sup> and then stand upon security ! The whoreson smooth-pates do now wear nothing but high shoes, and bunches of keys at their girdles ; and if a man is thorough with them in honest taking-up,<sup>12</sup> then they must stand upon security. I had as lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as offer to stop it with *security*. I look'd 'a should have sent me two-and-twenty yards of satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me *security*. Well, he may sleep in security ; for he hath the horn of abundance, and the lightness of his wife shines through it : and yet cannot he see, though he have his own lantern to light him.<sup>13</sup> Where's Bardolph ?

*Page.* He's gone into Smithfield to buy your Worship a horse.

*Fal.* I bought him in Paul's,<sup>14</sup> and he'll buy me a horse

<sup>9</sup> Alluding, evidently, to the parable of Dives and Lazarus : "That he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue ; for I am tormented in this flame."

<sup>10</sup> Meaning, apparently, a tradesman who says, "Yes, indeed," when asked if he will sell goods on credit, so as to encourage the purchase, and then snap the purchaser.

<sup>11</sup> To *bear in hand* is to wheedle with false expectations. See *Much Ado*, page 100, note 20.

<sup>12</sup> That is, in their debt, by *taking up* goods on credit.

<sup>13</sup> A note-worthy string of punning metaphors, turning on the different senses of *horn*. *Lanterns* used to be made partly of horn. Of allusions to the horns of a dishonoured husband, we have more than enough.

<sup>14</sup> In the olden time St. Paul's Cathedral was a common resort of politicians, newsmongers, men of business, idlers, gamesters, smashed-up roués, and all such who lived by their wits. Spendthrift debtors also fled thither, a part of the cathedral being privileged from arrest. Tradesmen and masterless serving men also set up their advertisements there : and such of the latter as had been cast off were to be had there at all times. Which last

in Smithfield: an I could get me but a wife in the stews, I were manned, horsed, and wived.

*Page.* Sir, here comes the nobleman that committed the Prince for striking him about Bardolph.

*Fal.* Wait close; <sup>15</sup> I will not see him.

*Enter the Chief-Justice and an Attendant.*

*Ch. Just.* What's he that goes there?

*Atten.* Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

*Ch. Just.* He that was in question for the robbery?

*Atten.* He, my lord: but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury; and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

*Ch. Just.* What, to York? Call him back again.

*Atten.* Sir John Falstaff!

*Fal.* Boy, tell him I am deaf.

*Page.* You must speak louder; my master is deaf.

*Ch. Just.* I am sure he is, to the hearing of any thing good.—Go, pluck him by the elbow; I must speak with him.

*Atten.* Sir John,—

*Fal.* What! a young knave, and begging! Is there not wars? is there not employment? doth not the King lack subjects? do not the rebels need soldiers? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

circumstance is thus referred to in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*: "He that marries a wife out of a suspected inn or alehouse, buys a horse in Smithfield, and hires a servant in Paul's, as the diverb is, shall likely have a jade to his horse, a knave for his man, an arrant honest woman to his wife."

<sup>15</sup> *Close* is *secret*. Falstaff means, "Hold still, and pretend ignorance."

*Atten.* You mistake me, sir.

*Fal.* Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man? setting my knighthood and my soldiership aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

*Atten.* I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood and your soldiership aside, and give me leave to tell you, you lie in your throat, if you say I am any other than an honest man.

*Fal.* I give thee leave to tell me so! I lay aside that which grows to me! If thou gett'st any leave of me, hang me; if thou takest leave, thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt counter:<sup>16</sup> hence! avaunt!

*Atten.* Sir, my lord would speak with you.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John Falstaff, a word with you.

*Fal.* My good lord! God give your lordship good time of day. I am glad to see your lordship abroad: I heard say your lordship was sick: I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice. Your lordship, though not clean past your youth, hath yet some smack of age in you. some relish of the saltiness of time; and I most humbly beseech your lordship to have a reverent care of your health.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, I sent for you before your expedition to Shrewsbury.

*Fal.* An't please your lordship, I hear his Majesty is returned with some discomfort<sup>17</sup> from Wales.

*Ch. Just.* I talk not of his Majesty: you would not come when I sent for you.

<sup>16</sup> To *hunt counter* was to hunt the wrong way, to trace the scent backwards; to *hunt it by the heel* is the technical phrase. Falstaff means to tell the man that he is on a wrong scent.

<sup>17</sup> That is, returned *somewhat discomfited*. A rather euphemistic phrase for *defeated*. What with Glendower's ability and what with the malice of the elements, the King's army had been utterly routed. But he ascribed his defeat to the Welshman's magic arts and incantations.

*Fal.* And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God mend him ! I pray you, let me speak with you.

*Fal.* This apoplexy is, as I take it, a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship ; a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

*Ch. Just.* What tell you me of it ? be it as it is.

*Fal.* It hath its original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain : I have read the cause of his effects in Galen : it is a kind of deafness.

*Ch. Just.* I think you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you.

*Fal.* Very well, my lord, very well : rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal.

*Ch. Just.* To punish you by the heels<sup>18</sup> would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not if I do become your physician.

*Fal.* I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient : your lordship may minister the potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty ; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or, indeed, a scruple itself.

*Ch. Just.* I sent for you, when there were matters against you for your life, to come speak with me.

<sup>18</sup> To punish a man by the heels is, I take it, to set him in the stocks, as Kent is punished in *King Lear*, ii. 2. Lord Campbell, however, says that "to lay by the heels was the technical expression for committing to prison." But I doubt whether such be the meaning here. It is "punish by the heels"; and *stocking* is one form of imprisonment. The matter is well shown in the case of Leonard Fairfield, in Lord Lytton's *My Novel*.

*Fal.* As I was then advised by my learned counsel in the laws of this land-service, I did not come.<sup>19</sup>

*Ch. Just.* Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in great infamy.

*Fal.* He that buckles him in my belt cannot live in less.

*Ch. Just.* Your means are very slender, and your waste is great.

*Fal.* I would it were otherwise ; I would my means were greater, and my waist slenderer.

*Ch. Just.* You have misled the youthful Prince.

*Fal.* The young Prince hath misled me : I am the fellow with the great belly, and he my dog.

*Ch. Just.* Well, I am loth to gall a new-heal'd wound : your day's service at Shrewsbury hath a little gilded over your night's exploit on Gads-hill : you may thank the unquiet time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

*Fal.* My lord, —

*Ch. Just.* But, since all is well, keep it so : wake not a sleeping wolf.

*Fal.* To wake a wolf is as bad as to smell a fox.

*Ch. Just.* What ! you are as a candle, the better part burnt out.

*Fal.* A wassail candle,<sup>20</sup> my lord ; all tallow : if I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth.

*Ch. Just.* There is not a white hair on your face but should have his effect of gravity.

*Fal.* His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

<sup>19</sup> The Poet shows some knowledge of the law here ; for, in fact, a man employed as Falstaff then was could not be held to answer in a prosecution for an offence of the kind in question.

<sup>20</sup> A *wassail candle* is a large candle lighted up at a feast. There is a quibble upon *wax* ; referring to the substance that candles are made of, and to what is signified by the verb to *wax*.

*Ch. Just.* You follow the young Prince up and down, like his ill angel.

*Fal.* Not so, my lord ; your ill angel is light ;<sup>21</sup> but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing : and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go, I cannot tell.<sup>22</sup> Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger<sup>23</sup> times, that true valour is turn'd bear-herd : pregnancy<sup>24</sup> is made a tapster, and hath his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings : all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls :<sup>25</sup> and we that are in the vaward of our youth,<sup>26</sup> I must confess, are wags too.

*Ch. Just.* Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly ? is not your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double,

<sup>21</sup> Falstaff is still punning. He here refers to the coin called *angel*, which of course grew *lighter* as it was clipped or became worn. "As *light* as a clipt *angel*" was a frequent comparison at that time. See *The Merchant*, page 124, note 7.

<sup>22</sup> *Cannot go* refers to the *passing* of money ; *cannot tell*, to the *counting* or *telling* of it.—"In some *respects*" here means for some *cause, reason, or consideration*.

<sup>23</sup> *Costard* was the old name for an apple : a *coster-monger* therefore was an *apple-pedler*. Here, however, the word is used to denote a time of petty traffic, or *huckstering*.

<sup>24</sup> *Pregnancy* is fulness of wit and invention.

<sup>25</sup> You look with bilious asperity upon our warm blood ; the "hot temper," that "leaps o'er a cold decree."

<sup>26</sup> *Vaward* is an old word for *vanguard*. People in the *vaward* of their youth, I suppose, are people *just passing out of* their youth.

your wit single,<sup>27</sup> and every part about you blasted with antiquity? and will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

*Fal.* My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something a round belly. For my voice,— I have lost it with hallooing, and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not: the truth is, I am only old in judgment and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him. For the box of the ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it; and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sack-cloth, but in new silk and old sack.

*Ch. Just.* Well, God send the Prince a better companion!

*Fal.* God send the companion a better prince! I cannot rid my hands of him.

*Ch. Just.* Well, the King hath sever'd you and Prince Harry: I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

*Fal.* Yea; I thank your pretty sweet wit for it. But look you pray, all you that kiss my Lady Peace at home, that our armies join not in a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat extraordinarily: if it be a hot day, an I brandish any thing but my bottle, I would I might never spit white again.<sup>28</sup> There is

<sup>27</sup> *Single* is *simple, feeble*. *Single-witted* and *single-souled* were common epithets, to designate *simple persons*. The Justice insensibly catches Falstaff's style, and slides into a tilt of wit with him, having in *single* a sly reference to *double*, just before.

<sup>28</sup> I am not clear as to what Sir John means by invoking upon himself the evil of "never spitting white again." The natural explanation is, that drinking deep of his favourite beverage had or was supposed to have that

not a dangerous action can peep out his head, but I am thrust upon it: well, I cannot last ever: but it was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is: I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scour'd to nothing with perpetual motion.

*Ch. Just.* Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

*Fal.* Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound to furnish me forth?<sup>29</sup>

*Ch. Just.* Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses.<sup>30</sup> Fare you well: commend me to my cousin Westmoreland. [*Exeunt Chief-Justice and Attendant.*

*Fal.* If I do, filip me with a three-man beetle.<sup>31</sup> — Boy!

*Page.* Sir?

*Fal.* What money is in my purse?

effect. And such, I believe, is the fact. Heating drinks are apt to render the mouth frothy. And perhaps the humour lies in taking an unpleasant effect of a pleasant indulgence.

<sup>29</sup> The Judge has just been exhorting him to honesty: he therefore says, "Will your lordship let me have something to be honest with? If you will lend me a thousand pounds, I will agree not to steal for a while."

<sup>30</sup> The Judge grows more and more facetious, and at last falls to down-right punning; thus showing that Falstaff is "not only witty in himself, but the cause that wit is in other men." *Crosses* were *pieces of money*. See *As You Like It*, page 61, note 1.

<sup>31</sup> This alludes to a common but cruel diversion of boys, called *filliping* the toad. They lay a board two or three feet long at right angles over a transverse piece two or three inches thick; then, the toad being put on one end of the board, the other end is struck by a bat or large stick, which throws the poor toad forty or fifty feet from the earth; and the fall generally kills it. A *three-man beetle* is a heavy beetle, with three handles, used in driving piles.

*Page.* Seven groats and two pence.

*Fal.* I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse : borrowing only lingers and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.—Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster ; this to the Prince ; this to the Earl of Westmoreland ; and this to old Mistress Ursula, whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I perceived the first white hair on my chin. About it : you know where to find me. [Exit *Page.*] — A pox of this gout ! for it plays the rogue with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt ; I have the wars for my colour, and my pension shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit will make use of any thing : I will turn diseases to commodity.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*York. A Room in the Archbishop's Palace.*

*Enter the Archbishop, the Lords HASTINGS, MOWBRAY, and BARDOLPH.*

*Arch.* Thus have you heard our cause and know our means ;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all  
Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes :—  
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

*Mowb.* I well allow th' occasion of our arms ;  
But gladly would be better satisfied  
How, in our means, we should advance ourselves  
To look with forehead bold and big enough  
Upon the power and puissance o' the King.

*Hast.* Our present musters grow upon the file  
To five-and-twenty thousand men of choice ;  
And our supplies lie largely in the hope

Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns  
With an incensèd fire of injuries.<sup>1</sup>

*L. Bard.* The question, then, Lord Hastings, standeth thus :

Whether our present five-and-twenty thousand  
May hold up head without Northumberland.

*Hast.* With him, we may.

*L. Bard.* Ay, marry, there's the point :  
But, if without him we be thought too feeble,  
My judgment is, we should not step too far  
Till we had his assistance by the hand ;  
For, in a theme so bloody-faced as this,  
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise  
Of aids incertain, should not be admitted.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph ; for, indeed,  
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

*L. Bard.* It was, my lord ; who lined<sup>2</sup> himself with hope,  
Eating the air on promise of supply,  
Flattering himself with project of a power  
Much smaller<sup>3</sup> than the smallest of his thoughts :  
And so, with great imagination,  
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,  
And, winking, leap'd into destruction.

*Hast.* But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt  
To lay down likelihods and forms of hope.

*L. Bard.* Yes, in this present quality of war :  
Indeed, the instant<sup>4</sup> act and cause on foot

<sup>1</sup> "An incensed fire of injuries" is a fire *kindled by* wrongs.

<sup>2</sup> To *line* is to *strengthen*, as lining strengthens a garment. Shakespeare has it repeatedly so. See the First Part, page 96, note 10.

<sup>3</sup> That is, which *turned out to be* much smaller.

<sup>4</sup> *Instant* is here used in the sense of the Latin *instans*, — *pressing* or *im-pending*. — "Yes," says his lordship, "it has done hurt to proceed upon

Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring  
We see th' appearing buds ; which to prove fruit,  
Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair  
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to build,  
We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;  
And when we see the figure of the house,  
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;  
Which if we find outweighs ability,  
What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices,<sup>5</sup> or at last desist  
To build at all? Much more, in this great work, —  
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down,  
And set another up, — should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model,  
Consent upon a sure foundation,  
Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
And weigh against his opposite ;<sup>6</sup> or else  
We fortify on paper and in figures,  
Using the names of men instead of men :  
Like one that draws the model of a house  
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half through,  
Gives o'er, and leaves his part-created cost

mere likelihoods and forms of hope in this business or occupation of war."

He then goes on reasoning very soberly and justly from the recent case of Hotspur, and applies the lesson of that miscarriage to the action now pressing upon them.

<sup>5</sup> In the old English castles and palaces, certain *rooms* or *apartments* were called *offices*.

<sup>6</sup> *His* refers, apparently, to *estate*. The sense is somewhat obscure, but may be given thus: "We should know how able our estate is to meet, or balance, the outlay that assails or threatens it." The use of *his* for *its* has been repeatedly noted, and occurs several times in the preceding scene; as, "I have read the cause of *his* effects," and, "should have *his* effect of gravity."

A naked subject to the weeping clouds,  
And waste for churlish Winter's tyranny.

*Hast.* Grant that our hopes—yet likely of fair birth—  
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd  
The utmost man of expectation ;  
I think we are a body strong enough,  
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

*L. Bard.* What, is the King but five-and-twenty thousand ?

*Hast.* To us no more ; nay, not so much, Lord Bardolph.  
For his divisions, as the times do brawl,  
Are in three heads : one power against the French,<sup>7</sup>  
And one against Glendower ; perforce a third  
Must take up us : so is the unfirm King  
In three divided ; and his coffers sound  
With hollow poverty and emptiness.

*Arch.* That he should draw his several strengths together,  
And come against us in full puissance,  
Need not be dreaded.

*Hast.* If he should do so,  
To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm'd,  
They baying him at the heels : never fear that.

*L. Bard.* Who is it like should lead his forces hither ?  
*Hast.* The Duke of Lancaster<sup>8</sup> and Westmoreland ;  
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Monmouth :  
But who is substituted 'gainst the French,

<sup>7</sup> During this rebellion of Northumberland and the Archbishop, a French army of twelve thousand men landed at Milford Haven, in aid of Owen Glendower.

<sup>8</sup> This is an anachronism. Prince John of Lancaster was not created a duke till the second year of the reign of his brother, King Henry V. At this time Prince Henry was actually Duke of Lancaster. Shakespeare was misled by Stowe, who, speaking of the first Parliament of King Henry IV., says, " His second sonne was there made duke of Lancaster."

I have no certain notice.

*Arch.*

Let us on,

And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice ;

Their over-greedy love hath surfeited :

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart.

O thou foand many ! with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Bolingbroke,

Before he was what thou wouldest have him be !

And, being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him,

That thou provokest thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard ;

And now thou wouldest eat thy dead vomit up,

And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these times ?

They that, when Richard lived, would have him die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave :

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head

When through proud London he came sighing on

After th' admirèd heels of Bolingbroke,

Criest now, *O earth, yiel'd us that king again,*

*And take thou this !* O thoughts of men accurst !

Past, and to come, seems best ; things present, worst.

*Mowb.* Shall we go draw our numbers, and set on ?

*Hast.* We are time's subjects, and time bids be gone.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*London. A Street.*

*Enter the Hostess, FANG and his Boy with her, and SNARE following.*

*Host.* Master Fang, have you enter'd the exion?<sup>1</sup>

*Fang.* It is enter'd.

*Host.* Where's your yeoman?<sup>2</sup> Is't a lusty yeoman? will 'a stand to't?

*Fang.* Sirrah, where's Snare?

*Host.* O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

*Snare.* Here, here.

*Fang.* Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

*Host.* Yea, good Master Snare; I have enter'd him and all.

*Snare.* It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

*Host.* Alas the day! take heed of him; he stabb'd me in mine own house, and that most beastly: in good faith, 'a cares not what mischief he doth, if his weapon be out: he will foin<sup>3</sup> like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child.

*Fang.* If I can close with him, I care not for his thrust.

*Host.* No, nor I neither: I'll be at your elbow.

*Fang.* An I but fist him once; an 'a come but within my vice,<sup>4</sup>—

<sup>1</sup> *Exion* is a Quicklyism for *action*, that is *prosecution*.

<sup>2</sup> A bailiff's follower was formerly called a sergeant's *yeoman*.

<sup>3</sup> *Foin* is an old word for *thrust*. The Poet has it repeatedly.

<sup>4</sup> *Vice* is used for *grasp* or *clutch*. The *fist* is vulgarly called the *vice* in the West of England.

*Host.* I am undone by his going ; I warrant you, he's an infinitive thing upon my score. — Good Master Fang, hold him sure ; — good Master Snare, let him not 'scape. 'A comes continually to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods — to buy a saddle ; and he is indited to dinner to the Lubber's-head<sup>5</sup> in Lumbert-street, to Master Smooth's the silkman : I pray ye, since my exion is enter'd, and my case so openly known to the world, let him be brought in to his answer. A hundred mark is a long score for a poor lone woman to bear : and I have borne, and borne, and borne ; and have been fubbed off, and fubbed off, and fubbed off, from this day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought on. There is no honesty in such dealing ; unless a woman should be made an ass and a beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he comes ; and that arrant malmsey-nose<sup>6</sup> knave Bardolph with him. Do your offices, do your offices, Master Fang and Master Snare ; do me, do me, do me your offices.

*Enter FALSTAFF, the Page, and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* How now ! whose mare's dead ? what's the matter ?

*Fang.* Sir John, I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

*Fal.* Away, varlets ! — Draw, Bardolph : cut me off the villain's head ; throw the quean in the channel.<sup>7</sup>

*Host.* Throw me in the channel ! I'll throw thee in the

<sup>5</sup> *Lubber* is Mrs. Quickly's version of *libbard*, which is the old form of *leopard*. The pictured heads of various animals were used as signs ; as the libbard's by Master Smooth, and the boar's by Mrs. Quickly.

<sup>6</sup> The epithet *malmsey-nose* is probably given to Bardolph because his nose had the colour of malmsey wine.

<sup>7</sup> *Channel* here means *kennel*, that is, *ditch* or *gutter*. So in *3 King Henry VI.*, ii. 2 : "As if a *channel* should be call'd the sea." Also in *Lucrece* : "Here friend by friend in bloody *channel* lies."

channel. Wilt thou? wilt thou? thou bastardly rogue!—Murder, murder!—O thou honey-suckle villain! wilt thou kill God's officers and the King's? O thou honey-seed rogue! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller, and a woman-queller.<sup>8</sup>

*Fal.* Keep them off, Bardolph.

*Fang.* A rescue! a rescue!

*Host.* Good people, bring a rescue or two.—Thou woo't, woo't thou? thou woo't, woo't thou?<sup>9</sup> do, do, thou rogue! do, thou hemp-seed!

*Fal.* Away, you scullion! you rampallian! you fustilarian! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

*Enter the Chief-Justice, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* What is the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

*Host.* Good my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

*Ch. Just.* How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?

Doth this become your place, your time, and business? You should have been well on your way to York.—Stand from him, fellow: wherefore hang'st upon him?

*Host.* O my most worshipful lord, an't please your Grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

*Ch. Just.* For what sum?

*Host.* It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all,—all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath

<sup>8</sup> To *quell* meant to *kill*; so that *man-queller* is *manslayer* or *murderer*.—*Honey-suckle* and *honey-seed* are *Quicklyisms* for *homicidal* and *homicide*; as *indited* and *bastardly* are for *invited* and *dastardly*.

<sup>9</sup> *Woo't* is an old colloquialism for *wilt*. So in *Hamlet*, v. 1: "Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast?" &c.

put all my substance into that fat belly of his : — but I will have some of it out again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

*Fal.* I think I am as like to ride the mare,<sup>10</sup> if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

*Ch. Just.* How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

*Fal.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

*Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt<sup>11</sup> goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Wheeson-week, when the Prince broke thy head for liking his father to a singing-man of Windsor,— thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no more so familiarity with such poor people; saying that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me,

<sup>10</sup> The gallows was jocosely called the two-legged, and sometimes the three-legged, *mare*. The hostess means the *nightmare*; but punning and Falstaff are inseparable.

<sup>11</sup> *Parcel-gilt* is *partly gilt*, or gilt only in parts. Lancham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth*, describing a bride-cup, says, "It was formed of a sweet sucket barrel, a faire turn'd foot set to it, all seemly be-sylvered and *parcel-gilt*."

and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath :<sup>12</sup> deny it, if thou canst.

*Fal.* My lord, this is a poor mad soul ; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you : she hath been in good case, and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. But, for these foolish officers, I beseech you I may have redress against them.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted with your manner of wrenching the true cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration : you have, as it appears to me, practised upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person.

*Host.* Yea, in truth, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* Pr'ythee, peace. — Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done her : the one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current re-pentance.

*Fal.* My lord, I will not undergo this sneap<sup>13</sup> without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness : if a man will make curtsy,<sup>14</sup> and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty remember'd, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs.

*Ch. Just.* You speak as having power to do wrong : but

<sup>12</sup> *Book-oath* probably refers to the custom of swearing upon the Bible, or "kissing the book."

<sup>13</sup> *Sneap* is *reproof, rebuke.* *Snip, snib, sneb, and snub* are different forms of the same word. To *sneap* was originally to *check* or *pinch* by frost. Shakespeare has *sneaping* frost and *sneaping* winds in other places.

<sup>14</sup> Making *curtsy* is the same as making a *leg* ; a form of obeisance much used in former times. See the First Part, page 114, note 47.

answer in the effect of your reputation,<sup>15</sup> and satisfy the poor woman.

*Fal.* Come hither, hostess.

[*Takes her aside.*

*Enter GOWER.*

*Ch. Just.* Now, Master Gower, what news?

*Gow.* The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells. [*Gives a letter.*

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman,—

*Host.* Faith, you said so before.

*Fal.* As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

*Host.* By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

*Fal.* Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking: and, for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the Prodigal, or the German Hunting in water-work,<sup>16</sup> is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an 'twere not for thy humours, there's not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw<sup>17</sup> thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me: dost not know me? come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

*Host.* Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles: i'faith, I am loth to pawn my plate, so God save me, la.

<sup>15</sup> That is, in a manner suitable to your name and character.

<sup>16</sup> *Water-work* is *water-colour paintings* or *hangings*. The painted cloth was generally oil-colour; but a cheaper sort, probably resembling in their execution some modern paper-hangings, was brought from Holland or Germany, executed in water-colour. The German hunting, or wild-boar hunt, would consequently be a prevalent subject.—*Drollery* in Shakespeare's time meant a kind of *puppet-show*.

<sup>17</sup> *Draw* has here the force of *withdraw*; referring to the prosecution she had entered against him.

*Fal.* Let it alone ; I'll make other shift : you'll be a fool still.

*Host.* Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper. You'll pay me all together ?

*Fal.* Will I live ? — [To BARDOLPH.] Go, with her, with her ; hook on, hook on.

*Host.* Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you at supper ?

*Fal.* No more words ; let's have her.

[*Exeunt* Hostess, BARDOLPH, Officers, and Boy.]

*Ch. Just.* I have heard better news.

*Fal.* What's the news, my lord ?

*Ch. Just.* Where lay the King last night ?

*Gow.* At Basingstoke, my lord.

*Fal.* I hope, my lord, all's well : what is the news, my lord ?

*Ch. Just.* Come all his forces back ?

*Gow.* No ; fifteen hundred Foot, five hundred Horse, Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster, Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

*Fal.* Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord ?

*Ch. Just.* You shall have letters of me presently : Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

*Fal.* My lord !

*Ch. Just.* What's the matter ?

*Fal.* Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me to dinner ?

*Gow.* I must wait upon my good lord here : I thank you, good Sir John.

*Ch. Just.* Sir John, you loiter here too long, being you are to take soldiers up in counties as you go.

*Fal.* Will you sup with me, Master Gower ?

*Ch. Just.* What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John ?

*Fal.* Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me.—This is the right fencing grace, my lord ; tap for tap,<sup>18</sup> and so part fair.

*Ch. Just.* Now, the Lord lighten thee ! thou art a great Fool.<sup>19</sup> [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*The Same. Another Street.*

*Enter Prince HENRY and POINTZ.*

*Prince.* Before God, I am exceeding weary.

*Pointz.* Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd<sup>1</sup> one of so high blood.

*Prince.* Faith, it does me ; though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

*Pointz.* Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition.

*Prince.* Belike, then, my appetite was not princely got ; for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out of love with my greatness. What a disgrace is it to me to remember thy name ! or to know thy face to-morrow ! or to take note how many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz.

<sup>18</sup> *Tap for tap* is equivalent to our phrase *tit for tat*. Falstaff has just been retorting upon the Judge in the Judge's own kind; not heeding his questions, but going right on with his talk, as if no questions had been asked. In saying "he was a fool that taught them me," Sir John refers to the usage he has turned upon the Chief Justice.

<sup>19</sup> His lordship uses *fool* here in the sense of the "allowed Fool," who was permitted to take all sorts of liberties with his superiors, and no one but a dunce thought of taking any offence at his jests.

<sup>1</sup> To *lay-hold of*, to *seize*, to *attack*, are among the old meanings of to *attach*. Shakespeare has it repeatedly for to *arrest*.

these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd ones ! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, as, one for superfluity, and one other for use !—but that the tennis-court-keeper knows better than I ; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee when thou keep'st not racket<sup>2</sup> there ; as thou hast not done a great while, because the rest of thy low-countries have made a shift to eat up thy holland : and God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen<sup>3</sup> shall inherit His kingdom : but the nurses say the children are not in the fault ; where-upon the world increases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened.

*Pointz.* How ill it follows, after you have labour'd so hard, you should talk so idly ! Tell me, how many good young princes would do so, their fathers being so sick as yours at this time is ?

*Prince.* Shall I tell thee one thing, *Pointz* ?

*Pointz.* Yes, faith ; and let 'it be an excellent-good thing.

*Prince.* It shall serve among wits of no higher breeding than thine.

*Pointz.* Go to ; I stand the push of your one thing that you will tell.

*Prince.* Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick : albeit I could tell to thee, — as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, — I could be sad, and sad indeed too.

<sup>2</sup> *Racket* was the name of an instrument used in playing the game of tennis. It was a piece of wood, with a handle at one end, and the other end bent into a sort of hoop, with some elastic material stretched over it. Probably a quibble was intended between this and the ordinary sense of the word.

<sup>3</sup> The Prince is referring to *Pointz*'s children, actual or presumptive, who are supposed to have use for all the old shirts he can spare. The joke turns partly on the circumstance of *Pointz* being unmarried.

*Pointz.* Very hardly upon such a subject.

*Prince.* By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the Devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency: let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick: and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation<sup>4</sup> of sorrow.

*Pointz.* The reason?

*Prince.* What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep?

*Pointz.* I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

*Prince.* It would be every man's thought; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks: never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine: every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so?

*Pointz.* Why, because you have been so lewd, and so much engraffed to Falstaff.

*Prince.* And to thee.

*Pointz.* By this light, I am well spoke on; I can hear it with mine own ears: the worst that they can say of me is, that I am a second brother, and that I am a proper fellow of my hands;<sup>5</sup> and those two things, I confess, I cannot help. By the Mass, here comes Bardolph.

*Prince.* And the boy that I gave Falstaff: 'a had him from me Christian; and look, if the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

*Enter BARDOLPH and the Page.*

<sup>4</sup> *Ostentation* here means, simply, *outward show*, or *expression*.

<sup>5</sup> "A proper fellow of my hands" is a man of valour and execution. "A tall man," and "a tall man of his hands," were used in the same sense. The same phrase was also sometimes used for a *thief*.

*Bard.* God save your Grace !

*Prince.* And yours, most noble Bardolph !

*Bard.* [To the Page.] Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, must you be blushing? wherefore blush you now? What a maidenly man-at-arms are you become !

*Page.* He call'd me even now, my lord, through a red lattice,<sup>6</sup> and I could discern no part of his face from the window: at last I spied his eyes; and methought he had made two holes in the alewife's new petticoat, and so peeped through.

*Prince.* Hath not the boy profited?

*Bard.* Away, you whoreson upright rabbit, away !

*Page.* Away, you rascally Althaea's dream, away !

*Prince.* Instruct us, boy; what dream, boy?

*Page.* Marry, my lord, Althaea dream'd she was mother of a firebrand;<sup>7</sup> and therefore I call him her dream.

*Prince.* A crown's worth of good interpretation:—there 'tis, boy. [Gives money.]

*Pointz.* O, that this good blossom could be kept from cankers!—Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

[Gives money.]

*Bard.* An you do not make him be hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong.

*Prince.* And how doth thy master, Bardolph?

*Bard.* Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town: there's a letter for you. [Gives a letter.]

<sup>6</sup> Red lattice was a common term for an ale-house window. The fashion of red lattices in such houses is often alluded to by the old writers.

<sup>7</sup> The Poet stumbles here in his mythology, confounding Althea's firebrand with Hecuba's. Hecuba, before the birth of Paris, dreamed that she was the mother of a fire-brand that consumed Troy. Althea's fire-brand was a reality, not a dream.

*Pointz.* Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the Martlemas,<sup>8</sup> your master?

*Bard.* In bodily health, sir.

*Pointz.* Marry, the immortal part needs a physician ; but that moves not him : though that be sick, it dies not.

*Prince.* I do allow this wen to be as familiar with me as my dog : and he holds his place ; for look you how he writes.

[*Gives the letter to Pointz.*

*Pointz.* [Reads.] *John Falstaff, knight,—* Every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself : even like those that are kin to the King ; for they never prick their finger but they say, *There's some of the King's blood spilt.* *How comes that?* says he, that takes upon him not to conceive. The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, *I am the King's poor cousin, sir.*

*Prince.* Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will fetch it from Japhet. But to the letter.

*Pointz.* [Reads.] *Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of the King, nearest his father, Harry Prince of Wales, greeting.—* Why, this is a certificate.

*Prince.* Peace !

*Pointz.* [Reads.] *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity :<sup>9</sup>—* Sure he means brevity in breath, short-winded.—*I commend me to thee, I commend thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar with Pointz ; for he misuses thy favours so much, that he swears thou art to marry his*

<sup>8</sup> Falstaff is before called *latter Spring, all-hallown Summer*, and Pointz now calls him *Martlemas*, a corruption of *Martinmas*, which means the same thing, the feast of St. Martin being considered the latter end of Autumn. It means therefore an old fellow with juvenile passions.

<sup>9</sup> Alluding to the celebrated bulletin, *veni, vidi, vici*, with which Julius Cæsar is said to have announced his victory at Zela.

sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou mayst; and so, farewell.

Thine, by yea and no, (which is as much as to say, as thou uses him,) JACK FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN with my brothers and sisters, and SIR JOHN with all Europe.

My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack, and make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words.

But do you use me thus, Ned? must I marry your sister?

Pointz. God send the wench no worse fortune! but I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the Fools with the time; and the spirits of the wise sit in the clouds and mock us.—Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yes, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? doth the old boar feed in the old frank? <sup>10</sup>

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in Eastcheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.<sup>11</sup>

Prince. Sup any women with him?

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's.

<sup>10</sup> A place to fatten a boar in. So in Holland's Pliny: "Swine will be well fat and well larded in sixtie daies; and the rather, if before you begin to franke them up, they be kept altogether from meat three daies."

<sup>11</sup> A slang phrase probably meaning *topers*, or *jolly companions of the old sort*.

*Prince.* Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

*Pointz.* I am your shadow, my lord ; I'll follow you.

*Prince.* Sirrah, you boy,— and Bardolph,— no word to your master that I am yet come to town : there's for your silence.

[*Gives money.*

*Bard.* I have no tongue, sir.

*Page.* And, for mine, sir, I will govern it.

*Prince.* Fare ye well ; go. [*Exeunt* BARDOLPH and Page.] — How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours,<sup>12</sup> and not ourselves be seen ?

*Pointz.* Put on two leather jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as drawers.

*Prince.* From a god to a bull? a heavy descension ! it was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation ! that shall be mine ; for in every thing the purpose must weigh with the folly.<sup>13</sup> Follow me, Ned.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.— *Warkworth. Before the Castle.*

*Enter* NORTHUMBERLAND, *Lady* NORTHUMBERLAND, *and* *Lady* PERCY.

*North.* I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter, Give even way unto my rough affairs : Put not you on the visage of the times, And be, like them, to Percy troublesome.

*Lady N.* I have given over, I will speak no more :

<sup>12</sup> "Bestow himself in his true colours" is *bear*, *behave*, or *show* himself in his proper *character*. See *As You Like It*, page 118, note 4.

<sup>13</sup> That is, must be *according to the folly*. A grave and serious purpose would not sort well with a course of frolicsome levity ; and *vice versa*.

Do what you will ; your wisdom be your guide.

*North.* Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn ;  
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

*Lady P.* O, yet, for God's sake, go not to these wars !  
The time was, father, that you broke your word,  
When you were more endear'd to it than now ;  
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear Harry,  
Threw many a northward look to see his father  
Bring up his powers ; but he did long in vain.  
Who then persuaded you to stay at home ?  
There were two honours lost, yours and your son's.  
For yours, may heavenly glory brighten it !  
For his, it stuck upon him, as the Sun  
In the gray vault of heaven ; and by his light  
Did all the chivalry of England move  
To do brave acts : he was indeed the glass  
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves :  
He had no legs that practised not his gait ;  
And speaking thick,<sup>1</sup> which Nature made his blemish,  
Became the accents of the valiant ;  
For those that could speak low and tardily  
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,  
To seem like him : so that in speech, in gait,  
In diet, in affections of delight,  
In military rules, humours of blood,  
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,  
That fashion'd others.<sup>2</sup> And him, — O wondrous him !

<sup>1</sup> "Speaking thick" is speaking *rapidly*, running the words together. So in *Cymbeline*, iii. 2: "Say, and speak thick ; love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing."

<sup>2</sup> This language seems to have been in special favour with the Poet. So in *Hamlet*, iii. 1: "The glass of fashion and the mould of form." And in *Lucrece* :

O miracle of men !— him did you leave  
 (Second to none, unseconded by you)  
 To look upon the hideous god of war  
 In disadvantage ; to abide a field  
 Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name  
 Did seem defensible :<sup>3</sup> so you left him.  
 Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong  
 To hold your honour more precise and nice  
 With others than with him ! let them alone :  
 The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong :  
 Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,  
 To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,  
 Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.

*North.*

Beshrew your heart,

Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me  
 With new lamenting ancient<sup>4</sup> oversights.  
 But I must go, and meet with danger there ;  
 Or it will seek me in another place,  
 And find me worse provided.

*Lady N.*

O, fly to Scotland,

Till that the nobles and the arm'd commons  
 Have of their puissance made a little taste.

*Lady P.* If they get ground and vantage of the King,  
 Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,  
 To make strength stronger ; but, for all our loves,

For princes are the glass, the school, the *book*,  
 Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do look.

<sup>3</sup> *Defensible* for *defensive* ; the passive form with the active sense. So, in a Proclamation of the Protector Somerset, quoted by Walker, the King's subjects are called upon to repair to Hampton Court "in most *defensible* array, with harness and weapons to defend his most royal person."

<sup>4</sup> *Ancient*, here, is *past* or *by-gone*, simply.

First let them try themselves. So did your son ;  
 He was so suffer'd : so came I a widow ;  
 And never shall have length of life enough  
 To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,<sup>5</sup>  
 That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven,  
 For recordation to my noble husband.

*North.* Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind  
 As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,  
 That makes a still-stand, running neither way :  
 Fain would I go to meet the *Archbishop*,  
 But many thousand reasons hold me back.  
 I will resolve for *Scotland* : there am I,  
 Till time and vantage crave my company.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*London. A Room in the Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*

*Enter two Drawers.*

*1 Draw.* What the Devil hast thou brought there? apple-johns? thou knowest Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.<sup>1</sup>

*2 Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true. The Prince once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and told him there were five more Sir Johns ; and, putting off his hat, said, *I will now take my leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd knights.* It anger'd him to the heart :<sup>2</sup> but he hath forgot that.

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to the plant *rosemary*, so called because it was the symbol of remembrance, and therefore used at weddings and funerals.

<sup>1</sup> This apple, which was said to keep two years, is well described by Phillips in a passage quoted in the First Part, page 140, note 1. Falstaff has already said of himself, "I am *withered* like an old *apple-john*."

<sup>2</sup> Anger was sometimes used for simple *grief* or *distress*, without imply-

*1 Draw.* Why, then cover, and set them down : and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise ;<sup>3</sup> Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some music. Dispatch : the room where they supp'd is too hot ; they'll come in straight.

*2 Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Master Pointz anon ; and they will put on two of our jerkins and aprons ; and Sir John must not know of it : Bardolph hath brought word.

*1 Draw.* By the Mass, here will be old *utis* :<sup>4</sup> it will be an excellent stratagem.

*2 Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak.

[*Exit.*

*Enter the Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.*

*Host.* I'faith, sweetheart, methinks now you are in an excellent-good temperality : your pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart would desire ; and your colour, I warrant you, is as red as any rose, in good truth, la : but, i'faith, you have drunk too much canaries ; and that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say *What's this ?* How do you now ?

*Dol.* Better than I was : hem.

ing any desire to *punish*. Thus in St. Mark iii. 5, speaking of our Saviour : "And when he had looked round about on them with *anger*, being *grieved* for the hardness of their heart."

<sup>3</sup> A *noise*, or a *consort*, was used for a *set* or *company* of *musicians*. Sneak was a street minstrel, and therefore the drawer goes out to listen for his band.

<sup>4</sup> *Old* was often used as an augmentative, something as *huge* is used now. — *Utas*, sometimes spelt *utas*, and derived by Skinner from the French *huit*, properly meant the octave of a saint's day, and hence was applied generally to sport-making and festivity. So in *A Contention between Liberality and Prodigality*, 1602 : "With some roysting harmony let us begin the *utas* of our jollitie." The word, it is said, is still used in Warwickshire for what is called a *row*. So that *old utas* is a *grand frolic*.

*Host.* Why, that's well said ; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John.

*Enter FALSTAFF.*

*Fal.* [Singing.] *When Arthur first in Court*—[Exit i  
Drawer.] *And was a worthy king.*<sup>5</sup>—How now, Mistress Doll !

*Host.* Sick of a calm ;<sup>6</sup> yea, good faith.

*Fal.* So is all her sect ;<sup>7</sup> an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

*Dol.* You muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me ?

*Fal.* You make fat rascals,<sup>8</sup> Mistress Doll.

*Dol.* I make them ! gluttony and diseases make them ; I make them not. — Hang yourself, you muddy conger,<sup>9</sup> hang yourself !

*Host.* By my troth, this is the old fashion ; you two never meet but you fall to some discord : you are both, in good

<sup>5</sup> The ballad from which this is taken is entitled *Sir Launcelot du Lake*, and is printed entire in Percy's *Reliques*. The first stanza as there given runs thus :

When Arthur first in court began,  
And was approvèd king,  
By force of arms great victorys wonne,  
And conquest home did bring.

<sup>6</sup> *Calm* is a Quicklyism for *gualm*. Falstaff seizes the occasion to perpetrate a pun.

<sup>7</sup> *Sect* and *sex* were often used indiscriminately.

<sup>8</sup> The allusion here is rather uncertain. Walker says, “ There is a species of tea-cake in Yorkshire, called — appropriately — a fat rascal.” On the other hand, Puttenham says, “ *Rascall* is properly a hunting term given to young deer *leane* and out of season.”

<sup>9</sup> Probably an ironical allusion to Falstaff's bulkiness, *conger* being another name for the *sea-eel*, which of course loves and haunts muddy waters.

truth, as rheumatic<sup>10</sup> as two dry toasts ; you cannot one bear with another's confirmities. What the good-year !<sup>11</sup> one must bear, — [To DOLL.] and that must be you : you are the weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

DOL. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge full hogshead ? there's a whole merchant's venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him ; you have not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold. — Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack : thou art going to the wars ; and whether I shall ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.<sup>12</sup>

*Re-enter the First Drawer.*

1 DRAW. Sir, Ancient<sup>13</sup> Pistol's below, and would speak with you.

DOL. Hang him, swaggering rascal ! let him not come hither : it is the foul-mouth'dst rogue in England.

HOST. If he swagger, let him not come here : no, by my faith ; I must live among my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers : I am in good name and fame with the very best. — Shut the door ; — there comes no swaggerers here : I have

<sup>10</sup> Mrs. Quickly means *splenetic*. It should be remarked, however, that *rheum* seems to have been a cant word for *spleen*.

<sup>11</sup> The origin and meaning of this term have not been satisfactorily explained. The most likely account makes it a corruption of *gougere*, which was used of a certain French disease. It was sometimes spelt *good-jer*. It came to be used as an unmeaning expletive.

<sup>12</sup> It has been aptly suggested that Mistress Doll, as if inspired by the present visitation, grows poetical here, and improvises a little in the lyric vein. The close of her speech, if set to the eye as it sounds to the ear, would stand something thus :

Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack :  
Thou art going to the wars ;  
And whether I shall ever see thee again,  
Or no, there is nobody cares.

<sup>13</sup> *Ancient* is an old corruption of *ensign*. See First Part, page 157, note 8.

not lived all this while, to have swaggering now : — shut the door, I pray you.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear, hostess ? —

*Host.* Pray you, pacify yourself, Sir John : there comes no swaggerers here.

*Fal.* Dost thou hear ? it is mine ancient.

*Host.* Tilly-fally,<sup>14</sup> Sir John, ne'er tell me : your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t'other day ; and, as he said to me, — 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, — *Neighbour Quickly*, says he ; — Master Dumb,<sup>15</sup> our minister, was by then ; — *Neighbour Quickly*, says he, *receive those that are civil* ; *for*, saith he, *you are in an ill name* : — now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon ; *for*, says he, *you are an honest woman, and well thought on* ; *therefore take heed what guests you receive* ; *receive*, says he, *no swaggering companions*. There comes none here : you would bless you to hear what he said : no, I'll no swaggerers.

*Fal.* He's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame cheater, i'faith ; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound : he'll not swagger with a Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. — Call him up, drawer.

[*Exit first Drawer.*

*Host.* Cheater, call you him ? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no cheater :<sup>16</sup> but I do not love swaggering ;

<sup>14</sup> An old exclamation equivalent to our *fiddle-faddle*.

<sup>15</sup> The names of Master *Tisick* and Master *Dumb* are intended to denote that the deputy was pursy and short-winded ; the minister one of those who preached only the homilies set forth by authority. The Puritans nicknamed them *Dumb-dogs*.

<sup>16</sup> The humour consists in Mrs. *Quickly*'s mistaking a *cheater* for an *escheator*, or officer of the Exchequer.

by my troth, I am the worse when one says *swagger* :—feel, mistress, how I shake ; look you, I warrant you.

*Dol.* So you do, Hostess.

*Host.* Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an 'twere an aspen-leaf : I cannot abide swaggerers.

*Enter PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Pist.* God save you, Sir John !

*Fal.* Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I charge you with a cup of sack : do you discharge upon mine hostess.

*Pist.* I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two bullets.

*Fal.* She is pistol-proof, sir ; you shall hardly offend her.

*Host.* Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets : I'll drink no more than will do me good, for no man's pleasure, I.

*Pist.* Then to you, Mistress Dorothy ; I will charge you.

*Dol.* Charge me ! I scorn you, scurvy companion. What ! you poor, base, rascally, cheating, lack-linen mate ! Away, you mouldy rogue, away !

*Pist.* I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

*Dol.* Away, you cut-purse rascal ! you filthy bung,<sup>17</sup> away ! by this wine, I'll thrust my knife in your mouldy chops, an you play the saucy cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal ! you basket-hilt stale juggler, you ! Since when, I pray you, sir ? God's light, with two points on your shoulder ? much !<sup>18</sup>

*Pist.* God let me not live, but I will murder your ruff for this.

<sup>17</sup> To *nip a bung*, in the cant of thievery, was to *cut a purse*. *Doll* means to call him *pickpocket*. *Cuttle* and *cuttle-bung* were also cant terms for the knife used by cutpurses. These terms are therefore used by metonymy for a thief.

<sup>18</sup> These *two points* were laces, marks of his commission.—*Much!* was a common ironical exclamation of contempt and denial.

*Fal.* No more, Pistol ; I would not have you go off here : discharge yourself of our company, Pistol.

*Host.* No, good Captain Pistol ; not here, sweet captain.

*Dol.* Captain ! thou abominable damn'd cheater, art thou not ashamed to be call'd captain ? An captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you out, for taking their names upon you before you have earn'd them.—He a captain ! hang him, rogue ! he lives upon mouldy stewed prunes and dried cakes. A captain ! God's light ! these villains will make the word as odious as the word *occupy* ;<sup>19</sup> which was an excellent-good word before it was ill sorted : therefore captains had need look to't.

*Bard.* Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

*Fal.* Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll.

*Pist.* Not I : I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph, I could tear her : I'll be revenged of her.

*Page.* Pray thee, go down.

*Pist.* I'll see her damn'd first ; to Pluto's damned lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook and line, say I. Down, down, dogs ! down, faitors ! Have we not Hiren here ?<sup>20</sup>

<sup>19</sup> This word had been perverted to a bad meaning. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, says, " Many, out of their own obscene apprehensions, refuse proper and fit words, as *occupy*, nature."

<sup>20</sup> Shakespeare has put into the mouth of Pistol a tissue of absurd and fustian passages from many ridiculous old plays. *Have we not Hiren here*, is probably a line from a play of George Peele's, called *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek*. *Hiren*, from its resemblance to *siren*, was used for a seducing woman. Pistol, in his rants, twice brings in the same words, but apparently meaning to give his sword the name of *Hiren*. Mrs. Quickly, with admirable simplicity, supposes him to ask for a woman.—*Faitors* is an old word meaning *vagabonds*, or *idle rascals*. Used as a general term of reproach.

*Host.* Good Captain Peesel, be quiet ; 'tis very late, i'faith : I beseech you now, aggravate your choler.

*Pist.* These be good humours, indeed ! Shall packhorses, And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia, Which cannot go but thirty miles a-day,<sup>21</sup> Compare with Cæsars, and with Cannibals,<sup>22</sup> And Trojan Greeks ? nay, rather damn them with King Cerberus ; and let the welkin roar. Shall we fall foul for toys ?

*Host.* By my troth, captain, these are very bitter words.

*Bard.* Be gone, good ancient : this will grow to a brawl anon.

*Pist.* Die men like dogs ! give crowns like pins ! Have we not Hiren here ?

*Host.* O' my word, captain, there's none such here. What the good-year ! do you think I would deny her ? For God's sake, be quiet.

*Pist.* Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.<sup>23</sup>— Come, give's some sack.

*Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*<sup>24</sup>—

Fear we broadsides ? no, let the fiend give fire : Give me some sack :— and, sweetheart, lie thou there.—

[*Laying down his sword.*

<sup>21</sup> This is a parody of the lines addressed by Tamburlaine to the captive princes who draw his chariot, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590.

<sup>22</sup> A Pistolian blunder for *Hannibals*.

<sup>23</sup> In *The Battle of Alcazar*, a play which Dyce assigns to Peele, we meet with the line, "Feed, then, and faint not, *my fair Calipolis*." And again : "*Feed and be fat*, that we may meet the foe." Pistol is supposed to have haunted the pit, and there got charged with these bits of theatrical ammunition.

<sup>24</sup> This, no doubt, is Pistol's reading or repeating of the motto on his sword ; the same which he has already called *Hiren*, and which he calls *sweetheart* a little after. A Toledo blade, and so with its motto in Spanish.

Come we to full-points here, and are *et-ceteras* nothing?<sup>25</sup>

*Fal.* Pistol, I would be quiet.

*Pist.* Sweet knight, I kiss thy neif:<sup>26</sup> what ! we have seen the seven stars.

*Dol.* For God's sake, thrust him down stairs : I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

*Pist.* Thrust me down stairs ! know we not Galloway nags?<sup>27</sup>

*Fal.* Quoit him down,<sup>28</sup> Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling : nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

*Bard.* Come, get you down stairs.

*Pist.* What ! shall we have incision ? shall we imbrue ?—

[*Snatching up his sword.*]

Then death rock me asleep,<sup>29</sup> abridge my doleful days !

Why, then let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds

Untwine the Sisters Three ! Come, Atropos, I say !

*Host.* Here's goodly stuff toward !

*Fal.* Give me my rapier, boy.

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not draw.

*Fal.* Get you down stairs.

[*Drawing, and driving PISTOL out.*]

<sup>25</sup> That is, shall we stop here, and have no more sport ?

<sup>26</sup> *Neif* is used by Shakespeare for *fist*. It is a north country word, to be found in Ray's *Collection*.

<sup>27</sup> Common hackneys.

<sup>28</sup> That is, *pitch* him down. The *shove-groat shillings* were broad shillings of King Edward VI. In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, i. 1, they are spoken of as *Edward shovel-boards*.

<sup>29</sup> Pistol scatters out fragments of old ballads as well as of old plays. "O death, rock me on slepe, bring me on quiet rest," is from an ancient song attributed to Anne Boleyn. There is another in the *Gorgious Gallery of Gallant Inventions*, 1578, which has furnished him with some of his rhodomontade.

*Host.* Here's a goodly tumult ! I'll forswear keeping house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and frights. So ; murder, I warrant now.— Alas, alas ! put up your naked weapons, put up your naked weapons. [*Exeunt PISTOL and BARDOLPH.*

*Dol.* I pray thee, Jack, be quiet ; the rascal's gone. Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, you !

*Host.* Are you hurt i' the groin ? methought 'a made a shrewd thrust at you.

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Have you turn'd him out o' doors ?

*Bard.* Yes, sir. The rascal's drunk ; you have hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

*Fal.* A rascal ! to brave me !

*Dol.* Ah, you sweet little rogue, you ! Alas, poor ape, how thou sweat'st ! come, let me wipe thy face ; come on, you whoreson chops : ah, rogue ! i'faith, I love thee : thou art as valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Agamemnon, and ten times better than the Nine Worthies : ah, villain !

*Fal.* A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a blanket.

*Dol.* Do, an thou darest for thy heart.

*Enter Musicians.*

*Page.* The music is come, sir.

*Fal.* Let them play :— play, sirs.— [*Music.*] A rascal bragging slave ! the rogue fled from me like quicksilver.

*Dol.* I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little Bartholomew-tide boar-pig,<sup>30</sup> when wilt thou

<sup>30</sup> Doll says this in coaxing ridicule of Falstaff's enormous bulk. Roasted pigs were formerly among the chief attractions of Bartholomew fair ; they were sold, piping hot, in booths and on stalls, and were ostentatiously displayed to excite the appetite of passengers. It was a common subject of allusion.

leave fighting o' days and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for Heaven?

*Enter, behind, Prince HENRY and POINTZ disguised as Drawers.*

*Fal.* Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

*Dol.* Sirrah, what humour's the Prince of?

*Fal.* A good shallow young fellow: 'a would have made a good pantler, 'a would ha' chipp'd bread well.

*Dol.* They say Pointz has a good wit.

*Fal.* He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

*Dol.* Why does the Prince love him so, then?

*Fal.* Because their legs are both of a bigness; and 'a plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel;<sup>31</sup> and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons;<sup>32</sup> and rides the wild-mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories;<sup>33</sup> and such other gambol faculties 'a

<sup>31</sup> Steevens says that "*conger* with *fennel* was formerly regarded as a provocative"; and Nares says, "*Fennel* was generally considered as an inflammatory herb; and therefore, to eat *conger* and *fennel*, was to eat two high and hot things together, which was esteemed an act of libertinism."

<sup>32</sup> A *flap-dragon* was some small combustible body set on fire and put afloat in a glass of liquor. It was an act of dexterity in the toper to swallow it without burning his mouth.—*Riding the wild-mare* is another name for the childish sport of see-saw.

<sup>33</sup> The meaning is not very obvious. Mr. Joseph Crosby writes me an explanation that may well be thought sufficient: "Pointz 'breeds no bate,' because he keeps a *discreet* tongue in his head: in his talk with the Prince he avoids getting into trouble by taking care that his stories be always *discreet*."

has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him: for the Prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

*Prince.* Would not this nave of a wheel<sup>34</sup> have his ears cut off?

*Pointz.* Let's beat him.

*Prince.* Look, whether the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

*Pointz.* Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

*Fal.* Kiss me, Doll.

*Prince.* Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!<sup>35</sup> what says the almanac to that?

*Pointz.* And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lisping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper.<sup>36</sup>

*Fal.* Thou dost give me flattering busses.

*Dol.* By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

*Fal.* I am old, I am old.

*Dol.* I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

*Fal.* What stuff wilt have a kirtle<sup>37</sup> of? I shall receive

<sup>34</sup> Falstaff is humorously called *nave of a wheel*, from his rotundity of figure. The pun between *nave* and *knave* is obvious. *Would* for *should*.

<sup>35</sup> This was indeed a prodigy. The astrologers, says Ficinus, remark that *Saturn and Venus* are never conjoined.

<sup>36</sup> *Trigon* for triangle, a term in the old judicial astrology. They called it a *fiery trigon* when the three upper planets met in a fiery sign; which was thought to denote rage and contention. Pointz refers to Bardolph, who is supposed to be whispering to the Hostess, Sir John's *counsel-keeper*.

<sup>37</sup> Few words have occasioned such controversy as *kirtle*. The most familiar terms are often the most baffling to the antiquary; for, being in general use, they were clearly understood by our ancestors, and therefore are

money o' Thursday: shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come: it grows late. Thou'l<sup>t</sup> forget me when I am gone.

*Dol.* By my troth, thou'l<sup>t</sup> set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so: prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken the end.

*Fal.* Some sack, Francis.

*Prince.* }  
*Pointz.* } Anon, anon, sir.

[*Advancing.*

*Fal.* Ha! a bastard son of the King's?—And art not thou Pointz his<sup>38</sup> brother?

*Prince.* Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead!

*Fal.* A better than thou: I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

*Prince.* Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

*Host.* O, the Lord preserve thy good Grace! by my troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are you come from Wales?

*Fal.* Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art welcome.

[*Leaning his hand upon DOLL.*

*Dol.* How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

*Pointz.* My lord, he will drive you out of your revenge, and turn all to a merriment, if you take not the heat.

*Prince.* You whoreson candle-mine,<sup>39</sup> you, how vilely did

not accurately defined in the dictionaries. A *kirtle*, from the Saxon *cyrtel*, to *gird*, was undoubtedly a *petticoat*, which sometimes had a body without sleeves attached to it.

<sup>38</sup> *Pointz his* is the old form of the possessive, which was going out of use in the Poet's time. It would now be written *Pointz's* or *Pointz'*.

<sup>39</sup> Alluding to the fat, or *candle-timber* wrapped up in Sir John's establishment.

you speak of me even now before this honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman !

*Host.* God's blessing of your good heart ! and so she is, by my troth.

*Fal.* Didst thou hear me ?

*Prince.* Yes ; and you knew me, as you did when you ran away by Gads-hill : you knew I was at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try my patience.

*Fal.* No, no, no ; not so ; I did not think thou wast within hearing.

*Prince.* I shall drive you, then, to confess the wilful abuse ; and then I know how to handle you.

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour ; no abuse.

*Prince.* Not,—to dispraise me, and call me pantler, and bread-chipper, and I know not what !

*Fal.* No abuse, Hal.

*Pointz.* No abuse !

*Fal.* No abuse, Ned, i' the world ; honest Ned, none. I dispraised him before the wicked, that the wicked might not fall in love with him ;—in which doing, I have done the part of a careful friend and a true subject, and thy father is to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal ;—none, Ned, none ;—no, faith, boys, none.

*Prince.* See now, whether pure fear and entire cowardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous gentlewoman to close with us?<sup>40</sup> is she of the wicked ? is thine hostess here of the wicked ? or is thy boy of the wicked ? or honest Bardolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the wicked ?

*Pointz.* Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

*Fal.* The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irrecoverable ;

<sup>40</sup> To "close with us," is to *unite*, to *fall in*, or to *take part*, with us.

and his face is Lucifer's privy-kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-worms. For the boy, there is a good angel about him ; but the Devil outbids him too.

*Prince.* For the women ?

*Fal.* For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burns, poor soul ! For the other, I owe her money ; and whether she be damn'd for that, I know not.

*Host.* No, I warrant you.

*Fal.* No, I think thou art not ; I think thou art quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ;<sup>41</sup> for the which I think thou wilt howl.

*Host.* All victuallers do so : what's a joint of mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

*Prince.* You, gentlewoman, —

*Dol.* What says your Grace ?

*Fal.* His grace says that which his flesh rebels against.<sup>42</sup>

[*Knocking within.*

*Host.* Who knocks so loud at door ? — Look to the door there, Francis.

*Enter PETO.*

*Prince.* Peto, how now ! what news ?

*Peto.* The King your father is at Westminster ; And there are twenty weak and wearied posts Come from the North : and, as I came along, I met and overtook a dozen captains, Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,

<sup>41</sup> In the reign of Elizabeth, statutes were made for the observance of fish days, strictly forbidding victuallers to serve up flesh in Lent.

<sup>42</sup> A quibble is here intended, I think, between *Grace* as a title and *grace* in the theological sense ; alluding, probably, to St. Paul's antagonism between the Spirit and the flesh. Galatians v. 17.

And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

*Prince.* By Heaven, Pointz, I feel me much to blame,  
So idly to profane the precious time ;  
When tempest of commotion, like the south,  
Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt,  
And drop upon our bare unarmèd heads.  
Give me my sword and cloak. — Falstaff, good night.

[*Exeunt Prince HENRY, POINTZ, PETO, and BARDOLPH.*

*Fal.* Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the night, and  
we must hence. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking at the  
door ! —

*Re-enter BARDOLPH.*

How now ! what's the matter ?

*Bard.* You must away to Court, sir, presently ;  
A dozen captains stay at door for you.

*Fal.* [To the Page.] Pay the musicians, sirrah. — Farewell, hostess ; — farewell, Doll. — You see, my good wenches, how men of merit are sought after : the undeserver may sleep, when the man 'o' action is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches : if I be not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

*Dol.* I cannot speak ; — if my heart be not ready to burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself.

*Fal.* Farewell, farewell. [*Exeunt FALSTAFF and BARDOLPH.*

*Host.* Well, fare thee well : I have known thee these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time ; but an honester and truer-hearted man, — well, fare thee well.

*Bard.* [Within.] Mistress Tearsheet !

*Host.* What's the matter ?

*Bard.* [Within.] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

*Host.* O, run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll !

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Westminster. A Room in the Palace.**Enter King HENRY in his nightgown, with a Page.*

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick ;  
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,  
And well consider of them : make good speed. — [Exit Page.  
How many thousand of my poorest subjects  
Are at this hour asleep ! — O sleep, O gentle sleep,  
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,  
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,  
And steep my senses in forgetfulness ?  
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,  
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,  
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,  
Than in the pérfumed chambers of the great,  
Under their canopies of costly state,  
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody ?  
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch  
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell ?<sup>1</sup>  
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast  
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
In cradle of the rude imperious surge,  
And in the visitation of the winds,

<sup>1</sup> The most probable meaning of this obscure passage is, that the *kingly couch*, when *sleep* has *left* it, is as the *case* or *box* which shelters the *watchman* ; or as the *common bell* that is to sound the *alarm* and rouse the sleeping people at the coming of danger.

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them  
 With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds,  
 That, with the hurly,<sup>2</sup> death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy lowly clown!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

*Enter WARWICK and SURREY.*

*War.* Many good morrows to your Majesty!

*King.* Is it good morrow, lords?

*War.* 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

*King.* Why, then good morrow to you all, my lords.  
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

*War.* We have, my liege.

*King.* Then you perceive the body of our kingdom  
 How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,  
 And with what danger, near the heart of it.

*War.* It is but as a body yet distemper'd;  
 Which to his former strength may be restored  
 With good advice and little medicine:  
 My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

*King.* O God! that one might read the book of fate,  
 And see the revolution of the times  
 Make mountains level, and the continent,

<sup>2</sup> *Hurly* is *noise, tumult, uproar*; the same as *hurly-burly*, which the Poet elsewhere uses.—*Shrouds* are the ropes extending from the mastheads to the sides of the ship.

Weary of solid firmness, melt itself  
 Into the sea ! and, other times, to see  
 The beachy girdle of the ocean  
 Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances mock,  
 And changes fill the cup of alteration  
 With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,  
 The happiest youth — viewing his progress through,  
 What perils past, what crosses to ensue <sup>3</sup> —  
 Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.  
 'Tis not ten years gone  
 Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,  
 Did feast together, and in two years after  
 Were they at wars : it is but eight years since  
 This Percy was the man nearest my soul ;  
 Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs,  
 And laid his love and life under my foot ;  
 Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard  
 Gave him defiance. But which of you was by, <sup>4</sup> —  
 [To WARWICK.] You, cousin Neville, as I may remember, —  
 When Richard — with his eye brimful of tears,  
 Then check'd and rated by Northumberland —  
 Did speak these words, now proved a prophecy ?

<sup>3</sup> The sense of this whole line is evidently future. "What perils *being* past, what crosses are to ensue"; that is, what crosses will still await us, when we shall have passed through how great perils.

<sup>4</sup> The reference here is to v. i, of *King Richard II.*, where Northumberland visits Richard in the Tower, to order his removal to Pomfret. The Poet had probably forgotten that Bolingbroke had already mounted the throne, and that neither he nor Warwick was present at the interview referred to. In the next line, also, there is some confusion. *Ralph Neville* was at that time earl of *Westmoreland*, and the name of the Earl of *Warwick* was *Beauchamp*. The latter earldom did not come into the Neville family till many years after, when Anne, the heiress of that earldom was married to Richard Neville, son to the Earl of *Salisbury*.

*Northumberland, thou ladder by the which  
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne ; —  
Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,  
But that necessity so bow'd the State,  
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss ; —  
*The time will come, thus did he follow it,  
The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,  
Shall break into corruption : — so went on,  
Foretelling this same time's condition,  
And the division of our amity.**

*War.* There is a history in all men's lives,  
Figuring the nature of the times deceased ;  
The which observed, a man may prophesy,  
With a near aim, of the main chance of things  
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds  
And weak beginnings lie intreasuréd.  
Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;  
And, by the necessary form of these,  
King Richard might create a perfect guess,  
That great Northumberland, then false to him,  
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness ;  
Which should not find a ground to root upon,  
Unless on you.

*King.* Are these things, then, necessities ?  
Then let us meet them like necessities ;  
And that same word even now cries out on us.<sup>5</sup>  
They say the bishop and Northumberland

<sup>5</sup> To *cry out on*, or to *cry on*, was a common phrase for to *exclaim against*. The meaning is, that the instant necessity upbraids our sloth and backwardness. The Poet repeatedly uses *cry on* in the same sense. — The meaning of the line before is, " If these things are indeed necessities, then let us meet them with their like ; let us be as necessities to match them, and see which will prove the stronger." A very heroic saying !

Are fifty thousand strong.

*War.* It cannot be, my lord :  
 Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,  
 The numbers of the fear'd. Please it your Grace  
 To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,  
 The powers that you already have sent forth  
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.  
 To comfort you the more, I have received  
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead.<sup>6</sup>  
 Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill ;  
 And these unseason'd<sup>7</sup> hours perforce must add  
 Unto your sickness.

*King.* I will take your counsel :  
 And were these inward wars once out of hand,  
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Court before Justice SHALLOW's House in Gloucestershire.*

*Enter SHALLOW and SILENCE, meeting ; MOULDY, SHADOW, WART, FEEBLE, BULLCALF, and Servants, behind.*

*Shal.* Come on, come on, come on, sir ; give me your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir : an early stirrer, by the Rood.<sup>1</sup> And how doth my good cousin Silence ?

*Sil.* Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

<sup>6</sup> Glendower did not die till after the death of King Henry the Fourth. Shakespeare was led into this error by Holinshed.—*Instance* here means *information* or *assurance*. The word is used in a great variety of senses by Shakespeare, and is sometimes rather hard to define.

<sup>7</sup> *Unseason'd* for *unseasonable* ; as admired for admirable, unavoided for unavoidable, wonder'd for wonderful, and many others.

<sup>1</sup> The Rood is the cross or crucifix.

*Shal.* And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow? and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-daughter Ellen?

*Sil.* Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow!

*Shal.* By yea and nay, sir, I dare say my cousin William is become a good scholar: he is at Oxford still, is he not?

*Sil.* Indeed, sir, to my cost.

*Shal.* 'A must, then, to the Inns-o'-Court shortly:<sup>2</sup> I was once of Clement's-Inn, where I think they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

*Sil.* You were call'd lusty Shallow then, cousin.

*Shal.* By the Mass, I was call'd any thing; and I would have done any thing indeed too, and roundly too. There was I, and little John Doit of Staffordshire, and black George Bare, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele a Cotsol' man;<sup>3</sup> you had not four such swinge-bucklers in all the Inns-o'-Court again. Then was Jack Falstaff, now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.<sup>4</sup>

*Sil.* This Sir John, cousin, that comes hither anon about soldiers?

*Shal.* The same Sir John, the very same. I saw him break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when 'a was a crack<sup>5</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Inns-of-Court are colleges where the younger "limbs of the law" pursue their legal studies and have their lodgings. Of this sort are Gray's-Inn, Lincoln's Inn, the Inner Temple, and Middle Temple.

<sup>3</sup> The Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, were famous for rural sports of all kinds; by distinguishing Will Squele as a Cotswold man, Shallow meant to have understood it that he was well versed in manly exercises, and consequently of a daring spirit and atheletic constitution.—*Swinge-bucklers* and *swash-bucklers* were terms implying *rakes* and *rioters*, in the time of Shakespeare.

<sup>4</sup> Halliwell has ascertained that Sir John Oldcastle, "the good Lord Cobham," was, in his youth, page to Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk; and he justly argues that Oldcastle was the original name of Falstaff.

<sup>5</sup> A *crack* is a pert, forward *boy*.

not thus high : and the very same day did I fight with one Sampson Stockfish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's-Inn. Jesu, Jesu, the mad days that I have spent ! and to see how many of my old acquaintance are dead !

*SiL*. We shall all follow, cousin.

*Shal.* Certain, 'tis certain ; very sure, very sure : death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair ?

*SiL*. Truly, cousin, I was not there.

*Shal.* Death is certain. Is old Double of your town living yet ?

*SiL*. Dead, sir.

*Shal.* Jesu, Jesu, dead ! — 'a drew a good bow ; and dead ! — 'a shot a fine shoot : John o' Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money on his head. Dead ! — 'a would have clapp'd i' the clout at twelve score ;<sup>6</sup> and carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see. How a score of ewes now ?

*SiL*. Thereafter as they be :<sup>7</sup> a score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.

*Shal.* And is old Double dead ?

*SiL*. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as I think.

*Enter BARDOLPH and one with him.*

<sup>6</sup> Hit the white mark at twelve score yards. By an old statute, every person turned of seventeen years of age, who shoots at a less distance than twelve score, is to forfeit six shillings and eight pence. *A forehand shaft* is an arrow specially formed for shooting straight forward. To carry such an arrow fourteen score yards was doing well.

<sup>7</sup> Silence probably means, "That depends on their quality." *Thereafter for according as.*

*Bard.* Good morrow, honest gentlemen: I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

*Shal.* I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the King's justices of the peace: what is your good pleasure with me?

*Bard.* My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff; a tall<sup>8</sup> gentleman, by Heaven, and a most gallant leader.

*Shal.* He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good back-sword<sup>9</sup> man. How doth the good knight? may I ask how my lady his wife doth?

*Bard.* Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

*Shal.* It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated!—it is good; yea, indeed, is it: good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated!—it comes of *accordo*: very good; a good phrase.<sup>10</sup>

*Bard.* Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. Phrase call you it? by this good day, I know not the phrase;<sup>11</sup> but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by Heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they say, accommodated; or when a man is,—being,—whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

<sup>8</sup> *Bold, stout, able* are old meanings of *tall*. See *Twelfth Night*, p. 35, n. 4.

<sup>9</sup> *Backsword* was the name a stick with a basket handle, used in rustic sports and exercises. The game of backsword is also called *single-stick*.

<sup>10</sup> It appears to have been fashionable in the Poet's time to introduce this word *accommodate* upon all occasions. Ben Jonson, in his *Discoveries*, calls it one of the perfumed terms of the time.

<sup>11</sup> Bardolph means that he does not understand the word *phrase*,

*Shal.* It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir John.—

*Enter Falstaff.*

Give me your good hand, give me your Worship's good hand : by my troth, you like well,<sup>12</sup> and bear your years very well : welcome, good Sir John.

*Fal.* I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow.—Master Surecard, as I think ?

*Shal.* No, Sir John ; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

*Fal.* Good Master Silence, it well besits you should be of the peace.

*Sil.* Your good Worship is welcome.

*Fal.* Fie ! this is hot weather.—Gentlemen, have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men ?

*Shal.* Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit ?

*Fal.* Let me see them, I beseech you.

*Shal.* Where's the roll ? where's the roll ? where's the roll ? —Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so : yea, marry, sir :—Ralph Mouldy !—let them appear as I call ; let them do so, let them do so.—Let me see ; where is Mouldy ?

*Moul.* Here, an't please you.

*Shal.* What think you, Sir John ? a good-limb'd fellow ; young, strong, and of good friends.

*Fal.* Is thy name Mouldy ?

*Moul.* Yea, an't please you.

*Fal.* 'Tis the more time thou wert used.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i'faith ! things that are mouldy lack use : very singular good !—in faith, well said, Sir John ; very well said.

<sup>12</sup> To like well is to be in *good-liking* ; that is, *good condition*. See First Part of *Henry the Fourth*, page 141, note 2.

*Fal.* [To Shallow.] Prick him.<sup>12</sup>

*Moul.* I was prick'd well enough before, an you could have let me alone: my old dame will be undone now, for one to do her husbandry and her drudgery: you need not to have prick'd me; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

*Fal.* Go to; peace, Mouldy! you shall go. Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

*Moul.* Spent!

*Shal.* Peace, fellow, peace; stand aside: know you where you are?—For the others, Sir John:—let me see;—Simon Shadow!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under: he's like to be a cold soldier.

*Shal.* Where's Shadow?

*Shad.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Shadow, whose son art thou?

*Shad.* My mother's son, sir.

*Fal.* Thy mother's son! like enough; and thy father's shadow: so the son of the female is the shadow of the male: it is often so, indeed; but not much of the father's substance.

*Shal.* Do you like him, Sir John?

*Fal.* Shadow will serve for Summer,—prick him; for we have a number of shadows to fill up the muster-book.

*Shal.* Thomas Wart!

*Fal.* Where's he?

*Wart.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* Is thy name Wart?

*Wart.* Yea, sir.

*Fal.* Thou art a very ragged wart.

<sup>12</sup> Prick him is mark him; which was done by pricking a hole in the paper against the name.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, Sir John?

*Fal.* It were superfluous; for his apparel is built upon his back, and the whole frame stands upon pins: prick him no more.

*Shal.* Ha, ha, ha!—you can do it, sir; you can do it:<sup>14</sup> I commend you well.—Francis Feeble!

*Fee.* Here, sir.

*Fal.* What trade art thou, Feeble?

*Fee.* A woman's tailor, sir.

*Shal.* Shall I prick him, sir?

*Fal.* You may: but if he had been a man's tailor, he'd ha' prick'd you.—Wilt thou make as many holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done in a woman's petticoat?

*Fee.* I will do my good will, sir; you can have no more.

*Fal.* Well said, good woman's tailor! well said, courageous Feeble! thou wilt be as valiant as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse.—Prick the woman's tailor well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

*Fee.* I would Wart might have gone, sir.

*Fal.* I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him, and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier, that is the leader of so many thousands:<sup>15</sup> let that suffice, most forcible Feeble.

*Fee.* It shall suffice, sir.

*Fal.* I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble.—Who is next?

*Shal.* Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

*Fal.* Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

*Bull.* Here, sir.

<sup>14</sup> Probably meaning much the same as the phrase now in use, "You are up to it."

<sup>15</sup> Meaning, perhaps, that Wart commands an army of *parasites*.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, a likely fellow ! — Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

*Bull.* O Lord ! good my lord captain, —

*Fal.* What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd ?

*Bull.* O Lord, sir ! I am a diseased man.

*Fal.* What disease hast thou ?

*Bull.* A whoreson cold, sir, — a cough, sir, — which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir.

*Fal.* Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown ; we will have away thy cold ; and I will take such order, that thy friends shall ring for thee. — Is here all ?

*Shal.* Here is two more call'd than your number ;<sup>16</sup> you must have but four here, sir : and so, I pray you, go in with me to dinner.

*Fal.* Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my troth, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* O, Sir John, do you remember since<sup>17</sup> we lay all night in the windmill in Saint George's field ?

*Fal.* No more of that, good Master Shallow, no more of that.

*Shal.* Ha, 't was a merry night. And is Jane Nightwork alive ?

*Fal.* She lives, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* She never could away with me.<sup>18</sup>

<sup>16</sup> There is an apparent discrepancy here, as only *five* recruits have been named. Perhaps the Poet made a slip ; or perhaps, as Falstaff was to have but *four*, and as he has already accepted that number, the Poet did not choose to continue the process any further.

<sup>17</sup> *Since for when.* Repeatedly so. See *Winter's Tale*, page 156, note 15.

<sup>18</sup> This phrase — equivalent to cannot *endure*, or cannot *abide* — was quite common in Shakespeare's time, and is scarce obsolete yet.

*Fal.* Never, never ; she would always say she could not abide Master Shallow.

*Shal.* By the Mass, I could anger her to the heart. Doth she hold her own well?

*Fal.* Old, old, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Nay, she must be old ; she cannot choose but be old ; certain she's old ; and had Robin Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came to Clement's-Inn.

*Sil.* That's fifty-five years ago.

*Shal.* Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen ! — Ha, Sir John, said I well ?

*Fal.* We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* That we have, that we have, that we have ; in faith, Sir John, we have : our watch-word was, *Hem, boys !* Come, let's to dinner ; come, let's to dinner : Jesu, the days that we have seen ! come, come.

[*Exeunt* FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.]

*Bull.* Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my friend ; and here's four Harry ten shillings<sup>19</sup> in French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go : and yet, for mine own part, sir, I do not care ; but rather, because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, have a desire to stay with my friends ; else, sir, I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

*Bard.* Go to ; stand aside.

*Moul.* And, good master corporal captain, for my old dame's sake, stand my friend : she has nobody to do any thing about her when I am gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself : you shall have forty, sir.

<sup>19</sup> There were no coins of ten shillings' value in Henry the Fourth's time. Shakespeare's *Harry ten shillings* were those of Henry VII. or Henry VIII.

*Bard.* Go to ; stand aside.

*Fee.* By my troth, I care not ; a man can die but once ; we owe God a death : I'll ne'er bear a base mind : an't be my destiny, so ; an't be not, so : no man's too good to serve's prince ; and, let it go which way it will, he that dies this year is quit for the next.

*Bard.* Well said ; thou'rt a good fellow.

*Fee.* Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

*Re-enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, and SILENCE.*

*Fal.* Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

*Shal.* Four of which you please.

*Bard.* Sir, a word with you : I have three pound<sup>20</sup> to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

*Fal.* Go to ; well.

*Shal.* Come, Sir John, which four will you have ?

*Fal.* Do you choose for me.

*Shal.* Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and Shadow.

*Fal.* Mouldy and Bullcalf : — for you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service ; — and for your part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it : I will none of you.

*Shal.* Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong : they are your likeliest men, and I would have you served with the best.

*Fal.* Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thews,<sup>21</sup> the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man ! Give me the spirit, Master

<sup>20</sup> Bardolph was to have *four* pound : perhaps he means to conceal part of his profit.

<sup>21</sup> Shakespeare uses *thews* in a sense almost peculiar to himself, for *muscular strength* or *sinews*. In ancient writers, *thews* generally signifies *manners*, *behaviour*, or *qualities of the mind* or *disposition* ; in which sense it is used by Chaucer, Spenser, Ben Jonson, and others.

Shallow. Here's Wart; you see what a ragged appearance it is: 'a shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.'<sup>22</sup> And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, give me this man: he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And, for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.—Put me a caliver<sup>23</sup> into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

*Bard.* Hold, Wart, traverse; <sup>24</sup> thus, thus, thus.

*Fal.* Come, manage me your caliver. So:—very well: go to:—very good; exceeding good.—O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapp'd, bald shot.<sup>25</sup>—Well said, i'faith, Wart; thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.

*Shal.* He is not his craft's-master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green,<sup>26</sup> when I lay at Clement's-Inn,—I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show,<sup>27</sup>

<sup>22</sup> Johnson explains this from a personal acquaintance with the terms of the brewery, "Swifter than he who puts the buckets on the beam, or gibbet, that passes across his shoulders, in order to carry the beer from the vat to the barrel."

<sup>23</sup> A *caliver* was lighter than a musket, and was fired without a rest.

<sup>24</sup> *Traverse* was an ancient military term for *march*. "*Traverse*," says Bullokar, "to march up and down, or to move the feet with proportion, as in dancing."

<sup>25</sup> *Shot for shooter*. So in the *Exercise of Arms*, 1609: "First of all is in this figure showed to every *shot* how he shall stand and march, and carry his *caliver*."—*Well said* was used where we should say "well done."

<sup>26</sup> *Mile-End Green* was the place for public sports and exercises. Stowe mentions that, in 1585, four thousand citizens were trained and exercised there.

<sup>27</sup> *Arthur's show* was an exhibition of archers, styling themselves "the Auncient Order, Society and Unitie laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The members were fifty-eight in

—there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus ; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in : *rah, tah, tah*, would 'a say ; *bounce*<sup>28</sup> would 'a say ; and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come : I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

*Fal.* These fellows will do well, Master Shallow.—God keep you, Master Silence : I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentlemen both : I thank you. I must a dozen mile to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

*Shal.* Sir John, the Lord bless you ! God prosper your affairs ! God send us peace ! As you return, visit my house ; let our old acquaintance be renewed : peradventure I will with you to the Court.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, I would you would, Master Shallow.

*Shal.* Go to ; I have spoke at a word.<sup>29</sup> Fare you well.

*Fal.* Fare you well, gentle gentleman. [*Exeunt SHALLOW and SILENCE.*]—On, Bardolph ; lead the men away. [*Exeunt BARDOLPH, Recruits, &c.*]—As I return, I will fetch off these justices :<sup>30</sup> I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow.

number, taking the names of the knights in the romantic history of that chivalric worthy. This society was established by charter under King Henry the Eighth, who, "when he saw a good archer indeede, chose him and ordained such a one for a knight of this order." Shakespeare has heightened the ridicule of Shallow's vanity and folly, by making him boast that he was *Sir Dagonet*, who is represented in the romance as King Arthur's *Fool*.—*Quiver* is *nimble, active, spry*.

<sup>28</sup> *Bounce* was used, as we use *bang*, to express the report of a gun. See *King John*, page 68, note 52.—It is hardly needful to say that in "manage you," "come you in," &c., the *you* is simply expletive. The Poet has a great many such.

<sup>29</sup> *At a word* is an old phrase for *in short* or *in brief*. Shallow means that he'll keep his word ; or that one word from him is as good as a hundred.

<sup>30</sup> The equivalent language of our time is, "I will *come it over* these jus-

Lord, Lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying ! This same starved justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street ; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's-Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring : when 'a was naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked radish, with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife ; 'a was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible : 'a was the very genius of famine : 'a came ever in the rearward of the fashion ; and sung those tunes to the overscutch'd<sup>31</sup> huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his Fancies or his Good-nights.<sup>32</sup> And now is this Vice's dagger<sup>33</sup> become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him ; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard ; and then he burst<sup>34</sup> his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name ;<sup>35</sup> for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin ; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for

tices." How he will do this, appears a little further on.— The implied pun on Shallow in *bottom* is obvious enough.

<sup>31</sup> *Scutch'd* is commonly explained to mean the same as *switched* or *whipped*.— The passage aptly hits off a perpetual sort of people who never find out what the fashion is, till it has passed away. Antony gives a like character to Lepidus in *Julius Cæsar*.

<sup>32</sup> The old Poets sometimes called their slight lyrical effusions by the name of *Fancies* and *Good-nights*.

<sup>33</sup> There is something excessively ludicrous in the comparison of Shallow to this powerless weapon of that droll personage, the old Vice or Fool. See *Twelfth Night*, page 119, note 17.

<sup>34</sup> *Burst*, *brast*, and *broken* were formerly synonymous.

<sup>35</sup> That he was gaunter than *Gaunt*.

him, a court : and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return ; and it shall go hard but I'll make him a philosopher's two stones to me :<sup>36</sup> if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason, in the law of Nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

[Exit.]

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## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Gaultree Forest in Yorkshire.*

*Enter the Archbishop of YORK, MOWBRAY, HASTINGS, and others.*

*Arch.* What is this forest call'd?

*Hast.* 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your Grace.

*Arch.* Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth  
To know the numbers of our enemies.

*Hast.* We have sent forth already.

*Arch.* "Tis well done.

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,  
I must acquaint you that I have received  
New-dated letters from Northumberland ;  
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus :  
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers  
As might hold sortance with his quality,  
The which he could not levy ; whereupon

<sup>36</sup> This is only a humorous exaggerative way of expressing, " He shall be more than the philosopher's stone to me, or *twice* as good." " It shall *go hard* but I will make " means " It must be a hard task indeed, if I do not work it through." See *Hamlet*, page 166, note 37.

He is retired, to ripe his growing fortunes,  
To Scotland ; and concludes in hearty prayers  
That your attempts may overlive the hazard  
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

*Mowb.* Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground,  
And dash themselves to pieces.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Hast.* Now, what news ?

*Mess.* West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,  
In goodly form comes on the enemy ;  
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number  
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

*Mowb.* The just proportion that we gave them out.  
Let us sway on,<sup>1</sup> and face them in the field.

*Arch.* What well-appointed<sup>2</sup> leader fronts us here ?

*Mowb.* I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* Health and fair greeting from our general,  
The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

*Arch.* Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,  
What doth concern your coming.

*West.* Then, my lord,  
Unto your Grace do I in chief address  
The substance of my speech. If that rebellion  
Came like itself, in base and abject routs,

<sup>1</sup> To *sway* was sometimes used for a rushing, hasty movement. Thus Holinshed : "The left side of the enemy was compelled to *sway* a good way back and give ground."

<sup>2</sup> *Well-appointed* is the same as *well-furnished*, or *well-equipped*.

Led on by heady youth, guarded<sup>3</sup> with rags,  
And countenanced by boys and beggary,—  
I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,  
In his true, native, and most proper shape,  
You, reverend father, and these noble lords,  
Had not been here, to dress the ugly form  
Of bare and bloody insurrection  
With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,—  
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd ;  
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd ;  
Whose learning and good letters peace hath tutor'd ;  
Whose white investments<sup>4</sup> figure innocence,  
The dove and very blessed spirit of peace,—  
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself  
Out of the speech of peace, that bears such grace,  
Into the harsh and boisterous tongue of war ;  
Turning your books to greaves,<sup>5</sup> your ink to blood,  
Your pens to lances, and your tongue divine  
To a loud trumpet and a point of war?<sup>6</sup>

*Arch.* Wherefore do I this? so the question stands.  
Briefly to this end : We are all diseased ;

<sup>3</sup> *Guarded* is a term of dress ; to *guard* being to ornament with guards or facings. See *Much Ado*, page 34, note 30.

<sup>4</sup> Formerly all bishops wore white, even when they travelled. This white investment was the episcopal rochet.

<sup>5</sup> *Greaves* were leg-armour, and were sometimes made of leather ; and, as books were covered with leather, the figure of turning mind-armour into leg-armour was natural and apt.

<sup>6</sup> A *point of war* is a warlike strain of music. So in Greene's *Orlando Furioso* : "To play him hunt's-up with a *point of war*." And in Peele's *Edward the First*, 1593. "Sound proudly here a perfect *point of war*." Also, Scott, in *Waverly*, Chap. xlvi. : "The trumpets and kettle-drums of the cavalry were next heard to perform the beautiful and wild *point of war* appropriated as a signal for that piece of nocturnal duty."

And with our surfeiting and wanton hours  
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,  
And we must bleed for it : of which disease  
Our late King, Richard, being infected, died.  
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,  
I take not on me here as a physician ;  
Nor do I, as an enemy to peace,  
Troop in the throngs of military men ;  
But, rather, show awhile like fearful war,  
To diet rank minds sick of happiness,  
And purge th' obstructions which begin to stop  
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.  
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd  
What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we suffer,  
And find our griefs heavier than our offences.  
We see which way the stream of time doth run,  
And are enforced from our most quiet sphere  
By the rough torrent of occasion ;  
And have the summary of all our griefs,  
When time shall serve, to show in articles ;  
Which long ere this we offer'd to the King,  
And might by no suit gain our audience :  
When we are wrong'd, and would unfold our griefs,  
We are denied access unto his person .  
Even by those men that most have done us wrong.  
The dangers of the days but newly gone,  
Whose memory is written on the earth  
With yet-appearing blood, and the examples  
Of every minute's instance,<sup>7</sup> present now,  
Have put us in these ill-beseeming arms ;

<sup>7</sup> "Examples of every minute's instance" probably means examples which every minute *supplies* or *instances*.

Not to break peace, or any branch of it,  
But to establish here a peace indeed,  
Concurring both in name and quality.

*West.* When ever yet was your appeal denied ;  
Wherein have you been gallèd by the King ;  
What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you ;  
That you should seal this lawless bloody book  
Of forged rebellion with a seal divine,  
And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

*Arch.* My burden general is the commonwealth ;  
To brother born an household cruelty,  
I make my quarrel in particular.<sup>8</sup>

*West.* There is no need of any such redress ;  
Or, if there were, it not belongs to you.

*Mowb.* Why not to him in part, and to us all  
That feel the bruises of the days before,  
And suffer the condition of these times  
To lay a heavy and unequal hand  
Upon our honours ?

*West.* O, my good Lord Mowbray,  
Construe the times to their necessities,  
And you shall say indeed, it is the time,  
And not the King, that doth you injuries.  
Yet, for your part, it not appears to me,  
Either from th' King, or in the present time,  
That you should have an inch of any ground

<sup>8</sup> Here *burden general* of course refers to the *public grievances* which the speaker has just been recounting, and for the redress of which he claims to be in arms. Then, besides this, he has a *private* or *particular* cause of quarrel in the wounding of his household affections by the cruelty inflicted on his own brother. So, in the First Part, i. 3, we have Worcester speaking of the Archbishop as "bearing hard his brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop." See Critical Notes.

To build a grief on: were you not restored  
 To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,  
 Your noble and right-well-remember'd father's?

*Mowb.* What thing, in honour, had my father lost,  
 That need to be revived and breathed in me?  
 The King, that loved him, as the State stood then  
 Was, force perforce,<sup>9</sup> compell'd to banish him:  
 And when that Henry Bolingbroke and he  
 Being mounted and both rousèd in their seats,  
 Their neighing coursers daring of the spur,  
 Their armèd staves in charge,<sup>10</sup> their beavers down,<sup>11</sup>  
 Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,<sup>12</sup>  
 And the loud trumpet blowing them together;  
 Then, then, when there was nothing could have stay'd  
 My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, —  
 O, when the King did throw his warder down,<sup>13</sup>  
 His own life hung upon the staff he threw:  
 Then threw he down himself, and all their lives  
 That by indictment and by dint of sword  
 Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

*West.* You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not  
 what.

<sup>9</sup> *Force perforce* was a reduplicate way of intensifying an expression of necessity; like the French *force forcée*. The Poet has it repeatedly thus. So in *2 King Henry VI.*, i. 1: "And, *force perforce*, I'll make him yield the crown." See, also, *King John*, page 80, note 10.

<sup>10</sup> That is, their *lances* being fixed in rest for the encounter.

<sup>11</sup> The *beaver* was a movable part of the helmet, covering the face in fight, but lifted up when the wearer chose. See First Part, page 154, note 20.

<sup>12</sup> The holes in their helmets, through which they could see to direct their aim.

<sup>13</sup> This refers to the act of Richard in arresting the duel between Bolingbroke and the Duke of Norfolk, and ordering them both into exile. The matter is represented at length in the third scene of *King Richard II.*

The Earl of Hereford<sup>14</sup> was reputed then  
In England the most valiant gentleman :  
Who knows on whom Fortune would then have smiled ?  
But, if your father had been victor there,  
He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry :  
For all the country, in a general voice,  
Cried hate upon him ; and all their prayers and love  
Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on,  
And bless'd and graced indeed, more than the King.  
But this is mere digression from my purpose.  
Here come I from our princely general  
To know your griefs ; to tell you from his Grace  
That he will give you audience ; and, wherein  
It shall appear that your demands are just,  
You shall enjoy them ; every thing set off  
That might so much as think you enemies.<sup>15</sup>

*Mowb.* But he hath forced us to compel this offer ;  
And it proceeds from policy, not love.

*West.* Mowbray, you overween to take it so ;  
This offer comes from mercy, not from fear :  
For, lo ! within a ken our army lies ;  
Upon mine honour, all too confident  
To give admittance to a thought of fear.  
Our battle is more full of names than yours,  
Our men more perfect in the use of arms,  
Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;  
Then reason wills our hearts should be as good :

<sup>14</sup> This is a mistake ; he was *Duke* of Hereford.

<sup>15</sup> A thing is often spoken of as *doing* that which it in any way *causes* to be done. So here the meaning seems to be, "every thing being struck off from your record, that might so much as *cause you to be thought* enemies." Shakespeare has many like expressions. See, however, Critical Notes.

Say you not, then, our offer is compell'd.

*Mowb.* Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

*West.* That argues but the shame of your offence :  
A rotten case abides no handling.

*Hast.* Hath the Prince John a full commission,  
In very ample virtue of his father,  
To hear and absolutely to determine  
Of what conditions we shall stand upon ?

*West.* That is intended in the general's name :  
I muse<sup>16</sup> you make so slight a question.

*Arch.* Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this schedule ;  
For this contains our general grievances :  
Each several article herein redress'd,  
All members of our cause, both here and hence,  
That are insinew'd to this action,  
Acquitted by a true substantial form,  
And present execution of our wills  
To us and to our purposes confirm'd,—  
We come within our awful banks<sup>17</sup> again,  
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

*West.* This will I show the general. Please you, lords,  
In sight of both our battles we may meet ;  
And either end in peace,—which God so frame !—  
Or to the place of difference call the swords  
Which must decide it.

*Arch.* My lord, we will do so. [*Exit WEST.*

<sup>16</sup> To muse for to wonder, to marvel. Often so.

<sup>17</sup> That is, banks full of awe or respect for authority and law. The image of a river is suggested; human life being compared to a stream that ought to flow in reverential obedience to the order and institutions of the State. Keeping itself within the proper bounds, it moves in reverence and awe; in overflowing them it renounces this. See *Richard II.*, page 111, note 3.

*Mowb.* There is a thing within my bosom tells me  
That no conditions of our peace can stand.

*Hast.* Fear you not that: if we can make our peace  
Upon such large terms and so absolute  
As our conditions shall consist upon,  
Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

*Mowb.* Ay, but our valuation shall be such,  
That every slight and false-derivèd cause,  
Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason,  
Shall to the King taste of this action;  
That, were our royal faiths<sup>18</sup> martyrs in love,  
We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind,  
That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff,  
And good from bad find no partition.

*Arch.* No, no, my lord. Note this, the King is weary  
Of dainty and such picking<sup>19</sup> grievances:  
For he hath found, to end one doubt by death  
Revives two greater in the heirs of life;  
And therefore will he wipe his tables<sup>20</sup> clean,  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory,  
That may repeat and history his loss  
To new remembrance. For full well he knows  
He cannot so precisely weed this land  
As his misdoubts present occasion:

<sup>18</sup> "Our royal faiths" means our *good-faith*, or our *fidelity*, to the King; the adjective standing for the *object* of the substantive.

<sup>19</sup> *Picking* is *petty*, *paltry*, *trifling*, or *insignificant*. The idea is of one refining, "straining at a gnat," or making too much of small things. The Poet has *picked* several times in the same sense. So in *Love's Labours*, v. 1: "He is too *picked*, too spruce, too affected," &c. See *King John*, page 45, note 21.

<sup>20</sup> The image is of table-books of slate, ivory, wax, &c., used for noting and keeping memoranda upon.

His foes are so enrooted with his friends,  
That, plucking to unfix an enemy,  
He doth unfasten so and shake a friend.  
So that this land, like an offensive wife  
That hath enraged him on to offer strokes,  
As he is striking, holds his infant up,  
And hangs resolved correction in the arm  
That was uprear'd to execution.<sup>21</sup>

*Hast.* Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods  
On late offenders, that he now doth lack  
The very instruments of chastisement :  
So that his power, like to a fangless lion,  
May offer, but not hold.

*Arch.* 'Tis very true :  
And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,  
If we do now make our atonement well,  
Our peace will, like a broken limb united,  
Grow stronger for the breaking.

*Mowb.* Be it so.  
Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

<sup>21</sup> The expression is rather obscure, owing partly to the mixing of simile and metaphor, partly to a peculiar use of *hangs*, which here means *suspends* or *arrests*, and partly to the double reference in *him* to the King and to the husband implied in *wife*. The meaning, therefore, comes something thus: "So that the land, or the wife, as the King, or the husband, is striking, *causes the purposed stroke to hang unfinished*"; that is, "suspends or arrests the correction he had resolved or *determined* on, and had upreared his arm to execute." The verb to *hang* is used just so again in *Troilus and Cressida*, iv. 5: "When thou hast *hung* thy *advanced* sword i' the air, not letting it decline on the declined"; that is, not letting it *fall* upon the *fallen*. Here *advanced* is *uplifted* or *upraised*. The Poet has many like instances of verbs used in a *causative* sense. See note 15, above. The substance of this explanation was written to me by Mr. Joseph Crosby, under date "Feb. 9, 1880."

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*West.* The Prince is here at hand : pleaseth your lordship  
To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.

*Mowb.* Your Grace of York, in God's name, then, set for-  
ward.

*Arch.* Before, and greet his Grace : my lord, we come.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Enter, from one side, MOWBRAY, the Archbishop, HASTINGS,  
and others ; from the other side, LANCASTER, WESTMORE-  
LAND, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Lan.* You're well encounter'd here, my cousin Mow-  
bray :—

Good day to you, gentle lord Archbishop ;—  
And so to you, Lord Hastings, — and to all. —  
My Lord of York, it better show'd with you,  
When that your flock, assembled by the bell,  
Encircled you to hear with reverence  
Your exposition on the holy text,  
Than now to see you here an iron man,<sup>1</sup>  
Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,  
Turning the word to sword, and life to death.  
That man that sits within a monarch's heart,  
And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,  
Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroach,

<sup>1</sup> Holinshed says of the Archbishop that, "coming foorth amongst them clad in armour, he encouraged and pricked them foorth to the enterprise in hand."

In shadow of such greatness ! With you, Lord Bishop,  
 It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken,  
 How deep you were within the books of God ?  
 To us the speaker in His parliament ;  
 To us th' imagined voice of God himself ;  
 The very opener and intelligencer  
 Between the grace, the sanctities of Heaven  
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe,  
 But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
 Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,  
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name,  
 In deeds dishonourable ? You have ta'en up,  
 Under the counterfeited seal of God,  
 The subjects of His substitute, my father,  
 And both against the peace of Heaven and him  
 Have here up-swarm'd them.

*Arch.*

Good my Lord of Lancaster,

I am not here against your father's peace ;  
 But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,  
 The time misorder'd doth, in common sense,<sup>2</sup>  
 Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,  
 To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace  
 The parcels and particulars of our grief, —  
 The which hath been with scorn shoved from the Court, —  
 Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ;  
 Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep  
 With grant of our most just and right desires ;  
 And true obedience, of this madness cured,  
 Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

*Mowb.* If not, we ready are to try our fortunes

<sup>2</sup> That is, "the feeling, which we all have in common, of the public grievances." A classical use of *sense*.

To the last man.

*Hast.* And, though we here fall down,  
We have supplies to second our attempt :  
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;  
And so success<sup>3</sup> of mischief shall be born,  
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up,  
Whiles England shall have generation.

*Lan.* You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,  
To sound the bottom of the after-times.

*West.* Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly,  
How far-forth you do like their articles.

*Lan.* I like them all, and do allow<sup>4</sup> them well ;  
And swear here, by the honour of my blood,  
My father's purposes have been mistook ;  
And some about him have too lavishly  
Wrested his meaning and authority.—  
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;  
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you,  
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,  
As we will ours : and here, between the armies,  
Let's drink together friendly and embrace,  
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home  
Of our restorèd love and amity.

*Arch.* I take your princely word for these redresses.

*Lan.* I give it you, and will maintain my word :  
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace. [Drinks.]

*Hast.* [To an Officer.] Go, captain, and deliver to the  
army

<sup>3</sup> Success for succession. A frequent usage. See *Richard III.*, page 166, note 26.

<sup>4</sup> Approve is an old meaning of allow. Very often so in the Bible. See, also, *The Winter's Tale*, page 49, note 29.

This news of peace : let them have pay, and part :<sup>5</sup>  
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

[Exit Officer.]

*Arch.* To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland. [Drinks.]

*West.* I pledge your Grace [Drinks.] ; and, if you knew  
what pains

I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,  
You would drink freely : but my love to ye  
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

*Arch.* I do not doubt you.

*West.* I am glad of it.—

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray. [Drinks.]

*Mowb.* You wish me health in very happy season ;  
For I am, on the sudden, something ill.

*Arch.* Against ill chances men are ever merry ;  
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

*West.* Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow  
Seems to say thus, *Some good thing comes to-morrow.*

*Arch.* Believe me, I am passing light in spirit.

*Mowb.* So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

[Shouts within.]

*Lan.* The word of peace is render'd : hark, how they shout !

*Mowb.* This had been cheerful after victory.

*Arch.* A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;  
For then both parties nobly are subdued,  
And neither party loser.

*Lan.* Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too. [Exit WEST.]  
And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains  
March by us, that we may peruse the men

<sup>5</sup> Part for depart ; the two words being used interchangeably by old writers.

We should have coped withal.

*Arch.* Go, good Lord Hastings,  
And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. [Exit HAST.  
*Lan.* I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.—

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

Now, cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

*West.* The leaders, having charge from you to stand,  
Will not go off until they hear you speak.

*Lan.* They know their duties.

*Re-enter HASTINGS.*

*Hast.* My lord, our army is dispersed already :  
Like youthful steers unyoked, they take their courses  
East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke up,  
Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

*West.* Good tidings, my Lord Hastings ; for the which  
I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason :—  
And you, Lord Archbishop,—and you, Lord Mowbray,—  
Of capital treason I attach you both.

*Mowb.* Is this proceeding just and honourable?

*West.* Is your assembly so?

*Arch.* Will you thus break your faith?

*Lan.* I pawn'd thee none :  
I promised you redress of these same grievances  
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine honour,  
I will perform with a most Christian care.  
But, for you, rebels, look to taste the due  
Meet for rebellion and such acts as yours.  
Most shallowly did you these arms commence,  
Fondly brought here, and foolishly sent hence.—  
Strike up our drums, pursue the scatter'd stray :

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day.—  
Some guard these traitors to the block of death,  
Treason's true bed and yelder-up of breath.<sup>6</sup> [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Another Part of the Forest.*

*Alarums: excursions.* Enter FALSTAFF and COLEVILE, meeting.

*Fal.* What's your name, sir? of what condition are you, and of what place, I pray?

*Cole.* I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colevile of the Dale.

*Fal.* Well, then, Colevile is your name, a knight is your degree, and your place the Dale: Colevile shall be still your name, a traitor your degree, and the dungeon your place, a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.

*Cole.* Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

*Fal.* As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and they weep for thy death: therefore rouse up fear and trembling, and do observance to my mercy.

*Cole.* I think you are Sir John Falstaff; and in that thought yield me.

<sup>6</sup> Johnson and other critics have been indignant that the Poet did not put into the mouth of some character a strain of indignation against this instance of treachery. In answer to which Verplanck very aptly quotes a remark said to have been made by Chief Justice Marshall. The counsel, it seems, had been boring the court a long time with trying to prove points that nobody doubted; and the judge, after bearing it as long as he well could, very quietly informed him that "there were some things which the court might safely be presumed to know."

*Fal.* I have a whole school of tongues in this body of mine ; and not a tongue of them all speaks any other word but my name. An I had but a body of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. Here comes our general.

*Enter LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, BLUNT, and others.*

*Lan.* The heat is past ; follow no further now :—  
Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.—

[*Exit WESTMORELAND.*

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?  
When every thing is ended, then you come :  
These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,  
One time or other break some gallows' back.

*Fal.* I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus : I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility ; I have founder'd nine-score and odd posts : and here, travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colevile of the Dale, a most furious knight and valourous enemy. But what of that ? he saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say with the hook-nosed fellow of Rome,<sup>1</sup> *I came, saw, and overcame.*

*Lan.* It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

*Fal.* I know not : here he is, and here I yield him : and

<sup>1</sup> I cannot tell whence the Poet got his hint for this epithet *hook-nosed* ; perhaps from some of the Dictator's coins, engravings of which were doubtless printed in his time. In his earlier years, Julius Cæsar was eminently handsome in face and person ; but it is said that, what with his disease, and his continual rapture of administrative energy, he was in his latter years worn thin, and his nose had a *hooked* appearance, sure enough.

I beseech your Grace, let it be book'd with the rest of this day's deeds ; or, by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad else, with mine own picture on the top of it, Colevile kissing my foot : to the which course if I be enforced, if you do not all show like gilt two-pences to me, and I, in the clear sky of fame, o'ershine you as much as the full Moon doth the cinders of the element,<sup>2</sup> which show like pins' heads to her, believe not the word of the noble : therefore let me have right, and let desert mount.

*Lan.* Thine's too heavy to mount.

*Fal.* Let it shine, then.

*Lan.* Thine's too thick to shine.

*Fal.* Let it do something, my good lord, that may do me good, and call it what you will.

*Lan.* Is thy name Colevile ?

*Cole.* It is, my lord.

*Lan.* A famous rebel art thou, Colevile.

*Fal.* And a famous true subject took him.

*Cole.* I am, my lord, but as my betters are,  
That led me hither : had they been ruled by me,  
You should have won them dearer than you have.

*Fal.* I know not how they sold themselves : but thou, like a kind fellow, gavest thyself away gratis ; and I thank thee for thee.

*Re-enter WESTMORELAND.*

*Lan.* Now, have you left pursuit ?

*West.* Retreat is made, and execution stay'd.

*Lan.* Send Colevile, with his confederates,  
To York, to present execution : —

Blunt, lead him hence ; and see you guard him sure. —

[*Exeunt BLUNT and others with COLEVILE.*

<sup>2</sup> A ludicrous term for the stars. The Poet uses *element* for *sky*.

And now dispatch we toward the Court, my lords :  
 I hear the King my father is sore sick :  
 Our news shall go before us to his Majesty, —  
 Which, cousin, you shall bear, — to comfort him ;  
 And we with sober speed will follow you.

*Fal.* My lord, 'beseech you, give me leave to go  
 Through Glostershire : and, when you come to Court,  
 Stand my good lord,<sup>3</sup> pray, in your good report.

*Lan.* Fare you well, Falstaff : I, in my condition,<sup>4</sup>  
 Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

[*Exeunt all but FALSTAFF.*]

*Fal.* I would you had but the wit : 'twere better than  
 your dukedom.—Good faith, this same young sober-blooded  
 boy doth not love me ; nor a man cannot make him laugh :  
 but that's no marvel ; he drinks no wine. There's never any  
 of these demure boys come to any proof ;<sup>5</sup> for thin drink doth  
 so over-cool their blood, and making many fish-meals, that  
 they fall into a kind of male green-sickness : they are generally  
 fools and cowards ; which some of us should be too, but for in-  
 flammation.<sup>6</sup> A good sherris-sack hath a twofold operation in

<sup>3</sup> *Stand my good lord*, or *be my good lord*, means *stand my friend, be my patron or benefactor*, report well of me.

<sup>4</sup> *Condition*, here, probably means *office*, or *official capacity*, as commanding general. Or it may mean the speaker's social position, his princely rank. The word commonly means, in Shakespeare, *temper* or *disposition*.

<sup>5</sup> A rather singular use of *proof*, but probably *decisive result* ; as the quality of a tree is *proved* by its fruit. Or it may mean *prove*, that is, *turn out*, any thing. So in Bacon's essay *Of Parents and Children* : "The *proof* is best when men keep their authority towards their children, but not their *purse*" ; where the meaning is, it *proves*, or *turns out*, best.

<sup>6</sup> *Inflammation* here means *heating, kindling, or setting on fire*. Shakespeare uses the verb to *inflame* in the same sense. See *King John*, page 124, note 1.

it. It ascends me into the brain ; dries me there all the foolish and dull and crudy vapours which environ it ; makes it apprehensive, quick, forgetive,<sup>7</sup> full of nimble, fiery, and delectable shapes ; which, deliver'd o'er to the tongue, which is the birth, become excellent wit. The second property of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the blood ; which, before cold and settled, left the liver white and pale, which is the badge of pusillanimity and cowardice ; but the sherris warms it, and makes it course from the inwards to the parts extreme : it illumineth the face, which, as a beacon, gives warning to all the rest of this little kingdom, Man, to arm ; and then the vital commoners and inland petty spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, who, great and puff'd up<sup>8</sup> with his retinue, doth any deed of courage : and this valour comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work ; and learning, a mere hoard of gold kept by a devil,<sup>9</sup> till sack commences it, and sets it in act and use.<sup>10</sup> Hereof comes it, that Prince Harry is valiant ; for the cold blood he did naturally inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile, and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd, with excellent endeavour of drinking good and good store of fertile sherris, that he is

<sup>7</sup> *Forgetive* is *inventive* or *imaginative*. So the Poet has *forgery* in the sense of *imagination* ; as in *Hamlet*, iv. 4: "That I, in *forgery* of shapes and tricks, come short of what he did."

<sup>8</sup> *Puff'd up* here means *animated* or *inspired*. Shakespeare uses *puff'd* in the same sense in *Hamlet*, iv. 1: "Whose spirit, with divine ambition *puff'd*, makes mouths at the invisible event."

<sup>9</sup> It was anciently supposed that all the mines of gold, &c., were guarded by evil spirits. See *Hamlet*, page 168, note 4.

<sup>10</sup> Alluding to the *Commencement* and the *Act* of the Universities, where those terms were used, to denote the occasion when students received full authority to *use* those *hoards of learning* which entitled them to their several degrees.

become very hot and valiant. If I had a thousand sons, the first human principle I would teach them should be, to forswear thin potations, and to addict themselves to sack.—

*Enter* BARDOLPH.

How now, Bardolph !

*Bard.* The army is discharged all, and gone.

*Fal.* Let them go. I'll through Glostershire ; and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow, esquire : I have him already tempering between my finger and my thumb,<sup>11</sup> and shortly will I seal with him. Come away. [ *Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WARWICK, and others.*

*King.* Now, lords, if God doth give successful end  
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,  
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,  
And draw no swords but what are sanctified.  
Our navy is address'd,<sup>1</sup> our power collected,  
Our substitutes in absence well invested,  
And every thing lies level to our wish :  
Only, we want a little personal strength ;  
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,  
Come underneath the yoke of government.

*War.* Both which we doubt not but your Majesty  
Shall soon enjoy.

*King.* Humphrey, my son of Gloster,

<sup>11</sup> A characteristic allusion to the old use of *soft wax* in sealing.

<sup>1</sup> *Address'd* is made ready or prepared. Often so.

Where is the Prince your brother?

*Glos.* I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

*King.* And how accompanied?

*Glos.*

I do not know, my lord.

*King.* Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with him?

*Glos.* No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

*Clar.* What would my lord and father?

*King.* Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy brother?

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas:

Thou hast a better place in his affection

Than all thy brothers: cherish it, my boy;

And noble offices thou mayst effect

Of mediation, after I am dead,

Between his greatness and thy other brethren.

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace

By seeming cold or careless of his will;

For he is gracious, if he be observed:<sup>2</sup>

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity:

Yet notwithstanding, being incensed, he's flint;

As humorous<sup>3</sup> as Winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealèd in the spring of day.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> That is, if he have respectful attentions shown him.

<sup>3</sup> *Humorous* here is *capricious* or *variable*. See First Part, p. 130, n. 25.

<sup>4</sup> Edwards says, in explanation of this passage, that he has heard *flaws* used for "the small blades of ice which are struck on the edges of water, in winter mornings." This explanation is endorsed by Dyce, who adds, "I have myself heard the word used to signify both *thin cakes of ice* and *the bursting of those cakes*." The more usual meaning of *flaws* is sudden gusts or starts of wind, such as are apt to spring up in the morning. But in this sense *flaws* evidently will not cohere with *congealed*, unless the latter be taken for *congealing*, the passive for the active.

His temper, therefore, must be well observed :  
Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,  
When you perceive his blood inclined to mirth :  
But, being moody, give him line and scope,  
Till that his passions, like a whale on ground,  
Confound themselves with working. Learn this, Thomas,  
And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends ;  
A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,  
That the united vessel of their blood,  
Mingled with venom of suggestion,<sup>5</sup>—  
As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,—  
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong  
As aconitum or rash<sup>6</sup> gunpowder.

*Clar.* I shall observe him with all care and love.

*King.* Why art thou not at Windsor with him, Thomas?

*Clar.* He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

*King.* And how accompanied ? canst thou tell that ?

*Clar.* With Pointz, and other his continual followers.

*King.* Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds ;  
And he, the noble image of my youth,  
Is overspread with them : therefore my grief  
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death :  
The blood weeps from my heart, when I do shape,  
In forms imaginary, th' unguided days  
And rotten times that you shall look upon  
When I am sleeping with my ancestors.  
For, when his headstrong riot hath no curb,

<sup>5</sup> Though their blood be *inflamed* by the poison of *temptation*. This use of *suggest* and its derivatives was very common. See *The Tempest*, page 89, note 53.

<sup>6</sup> *Aconitum*, or aconite, *wolf's-bane*, a poisonous herb.—*Rash* is *sudden*, *hasty*, *violent*.

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,  
 When means and lavish manners meet together,  
 O, with what wings shall his affections<sup>7</sup> fly  
 Towards fronting peril and opposed decay !

*War.* My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite :  
 The Prince but studies his companions,  
 Like a strange tongue ; wherein, to gain the language,  
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word  
 Be look'd upon and learn'd ; which once attain'd,  
 Your Highness knows, comes to no further use  
 But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,  
 The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,  
 Cast off his followers ; and their memory  
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,  
 By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,  
 Turning past evils to advantages.

*King.* 'Tis seldom-when<sup>8</sup> the bee doth leave her comb  
 In the dead carrion.<sup>9</sup>—

*Enter WESTMORELAND.*

Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

*West.* Health to my sovereign, and new happiness  
 Added to that that I am to deliver !  
 Prince John, your son, doth kiss your Grace's hand :  
 Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,  
 Are brought to the correction of your law ;  
 There is not now a rebel's sword unsheathe'd,

<sup>7</sup> *Affections*, in the language of Shakespeare's time, are *passions, desires*.  
*Appetitus animi.*

<sup>8</sup> This compound, used twice by the Poet, is merely equivalent to *seldom*.

<sup>9</sup> As the bee, having once placed her comb in a carcass, stays by her honey, so he that has once taken pleasure in bad company will continue to associate with those that have the art of pleasing him.

But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.  
The manner how this action hath been borne,  
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,  
With every course in his particular. [ *Giving a packet.*

*King.* O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,  
Which ever in the haunch of Winter sings  
The lifting-up of day. Look, here's more news.

*Enter* HARCOURT.

*Har.* From enemies Heaven keep your Majesty ;  
And, when they stand against you, may they fall  
As those that I am come to tell you of !  
The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,  
With a great power of English and of Scots,  
Are by the shrieve <sup>10</sup> of Yorkshire overthrown :  
The manner and true order of the fight,  
This packet, please it you, contains at large. [ *Giving a packet.*

*King.* And wherefore should these good news make me  
sick ?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,  
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?  
She either gives a stomach, and no food, —  
Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast,  
And takes away the stomach, — such the rich,  
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news ;  
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy : —  
O me ! come near me ; now I am much ill. [ *Falls back.*

*Glos.* Comfort, your Majesty !

*Clar.* O my royal father !

<sup>10</sup> *Shrieve* is an old form of *sheriff*.

*West.* My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

*War.* Be patient, princes ; you do know, these fits  
Are with his Highness very ordinary.<sup>11</sup>

Stand from him, give him air ; he'll straight be well.

*Clar.* No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs :  
Th' incessant care and labour of his mind  
Hath wrought the mure,<sup>12</sup> that should confine it in,  
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

*Glos.* The people fear me ;<sup>13</sup> for they do observe  
Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of Nature :  
The seasons change their manners, as<sup>14</sup> the year  
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

*Clar.* The river hath thrice flow'd,<sup>15</sup> no ebb between ;  
And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,  
Say it did so a little time before  
That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

*War.* Speak lower, princes, for the King recovers.

*Glos.* This apoplex will certain be his end.

*King.* I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence  
Into some other chamber : softly, pray. [Exeunt.]

<sup>11</sup> We have had Falstaff describing the King's disease as *apoplexy*. I believe he was in fact subject, in his later years, to what we call *epileptic fits*. But *apoplexy* was used in the Poet's time as a common term for both diseases ; at least by "laymen."

<sup>12</sup> *Mure* for *wall* is another of Shakespeare's Latanisms. It was not in frequent use by his contemporaries.—*Wrought it thin* is *made it thin by gradual wearing*.

<sup>13</sup> *Fear* is here used transitively, in the sense of *make afraid*. The Prince means that he is frightened at the strange freaks of Nature which the people observe, and which were thought to be ominous of some public calamity.—*Unfathered heirs* probably means *monstrous births*.

<sup>14</sup> The Poet often uses *as* with the force of *as if*.

<sup>15</sup> Referring, of course, to the Thames. Three flowings of the tide in succession, without any ebb, would seem indeed a strange event ; nevertheless it is said to have actually occurred about the time supposed in the text.

SCENE V.—*Another Room in the Same.*

*The King on a bed; CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WARWICK, and others attending.*

*King.* Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;  
Unless some dull<sup>1</sup> and favourable hand  
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

*War.* Call for the music in the other room.

*King.* Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

*Clar.* His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

*War.* Less noise, less noise !

*Enter Prince HENRY.*

*Prince.* Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

*Clar.* I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

*Prince.* How now ! rain within doors, and none abroad !  
How doth the King ?

*Glos.* Exceeding ill.

*Prince.* Heard he

The good news yet ? tell 't him.

<sup>1</sup> *Dull* and *slow* were synonymous. “*Dullness*, slowness ; tarditas, tardivete. Somewhat *dull* or *slowe* ; tardiusculus, tardelet ;” says Baret. And he has also the following : “*Slow, dull, asleepe, drousie, astonied, heavie ; torpidus.*” It has always been thought that *slow* music induces sleep. Ariel enters playing *solemn music* to produce this effect, in *The Tempest*. The notion is not peculiar to our Poet, as the following exquisite lines, from *Wit Restored*, 1658, may witness :

O, lull me, lull me, charming air,  
My senses rock'd with wonder sweet ;  
Like snow on wool thy fallings are,  
Soft like a spirit are thy feet.  
Grief who need fear that hath an ear ?  
Down let him lie, and slumbering die,  
And change his soul for harmony.

*Glos.*

He alter'd much

Upon the hearing it.

*Prince.*

If he be sick

With joy, he will recover without physic.

*War.* Not so much noise, my lords : — sweet Prince,  
speak low ;

The King your father is disposed to sleep.

*Clar.* Let us withdraw into the other room.*War.* Will't please your Grace to go along with us ?*Prince.* No : I will sit and watch here by the King. —[*Exeunt all but P. HENRY.*]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night ! — sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet

As he whose brow's with homely biggen<sup>2</sup> bound

Snores out the watch of night. — O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit

Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,

That scalds with safety. — By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather which stirs not :

Did he suspire, that light and weightless down

Perforce must move. — My gracious lord ! my father ! —

This sleep is sound indeed ; this is a sleep,

<sup>2</sup> A *biggen* was a *head-band* of coarse cloth ; so called because such a forehead-cloth was worn by the Beguines, an order of nuns. — The sense of the preceding line is, " Yet not *half* so sound *nor half* so deeply sweet." The Poet has various similar forms of expression. So Ben Jonson, in *The Forest*, xi., describing "true love": "That falls like sleep on lovers, and combines the *soft* and *sweetest* minds in equal knots." Also in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*: "Only the *grave* and *wisest* of the land."

That from this golden rigol<sup>3</sup> hath divorced  
 So many English kings. — Thy due from me  
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,  
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,  
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously :  
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,  
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,  
 Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits, —

[Putting it on his head.]

Which God shall guard : and, put the world's whole strength  
 Into one giant arm, it shall not force  
 This lineal honour from me : this from thee  
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me.

[Exit.]

King. Warwick ! Gloster ! Clarence !

*Re-enter WARWICK and the rest.*

Clar. Doth the King call ?

War. What would your Majesty ? how fares your Grace ?

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords ?

Clar. We left the Prince my brother here, my liege,  
 Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales ! Where is he ? let me see  
 him :

He is not here.

War. This door is open ; he is gone this way.

Glos. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

King. Where is the crown ? who took it from my pillow ?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

<sup>3</sup> Rigol is *circle* ; probably from the old Italian *rigolo*, a small wheel. Shakespeare has it again in *Lucrece* :

About the mourning and congealed face  
 Of that black blood, a watery *rigol* goes.

*King.* The Prince hath ta'en it hence: go, seek him out.  
 Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose  
 My sleep my death? —  
 Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither. —

[*Exit* WARWICK.]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,  
 And helps to end me. — See, sons, what things you are!  
 How quickly nature falls into revolt  
 When gold becomes her object!  
 For this the foolish over-careful fathers  
 Have broke their sleeps with thought,  
 Their brains with care, their bones with industry;  
 For this they have engrossèd and piled up  
 The canker'd<sup>4</sup> heaps of strange-achievèd gold;  
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises:  
 When, like the bee, culling from every flower  
 The virtuous sweets,  
 Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,  
 We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,  
 Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste  
 Yield his engrossments<sup>5</sup> to the ending father. —

*Re-enter* WARWICK.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long  
 Till his friend sickness hath determined<sup>6</sup> me?

<sup>4</sup> *Canker'd* here is *rusted* or *tarnished*. See *The Tempest*, page 127, note 41.

<sup>5</sup> *Engrossments* is *accumulations* or *piles*; as *engrossèd*, a little before. Also, in the First Part, iii. 2, page 139: "To *engross* up glorious deeds on my behalf." *His* refers to *father*; the prose order being, "To the ending father his engrossments yield this bitter taste."

<sup>6</sup> *Determined* is *ended*; still used so in legal language.

*War.* My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,  
Washing with kindly tears<sup>7</sup> his gentle cheeks ;  
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,  
That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,  
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife  
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

*King.* But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

*Re-enter Prince HENRY.*

Lo, where he comes.—Come hither to me, Harry.—  
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.

[*Exeunt all but K. HEN. and P. HEN.*

*Prince.* I never thought to hear you speak again.

*King.* Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought :  
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.  
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,  
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours  
Before thy hour be ripe ? O foolish youth !  
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.  
Stay but a little ; for my cloud of dignity  
Is held from falling with so weak a wind  
That it will quickly drop : my day is dim.  
Thou hast stol'n that which, after some few hours,  
Were thine without offence ; and at my death  
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation :  
Thy life did manifest thou loved'st me not,  
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.  
Thou hidest a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,  
To stab at half an hour of my life.

<sup>7</sup> “Kindly tears” are tears of natural affection ; *kindly* being used in the primitive sense of *kind*, which is *nature*. See *Much Ado*, page 92, note 2.

What ! canst thou not forbear me half an hour ?  
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself ;  
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,  
That thou art crownèd, not that I am dead.  
Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse  
Be drops of balm<sup>8</sup> to sanctify thy head :  
Only compound me with forgotten dust ;  
Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.  
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees ;  
For now a time is come to mock at form :  
Harry the Fifth is crown'd :—up, vanity !  
Down, royal state ! all you sage counsellors, hence !  
And to the English Court assemble now,  
From every region, apes of idleness !  
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum :  
Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,  
Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit  
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?  
Be happy, he will trouble you no more ;  
England shall double-gild his treble guilt ;  
England shall give him office, honour, might ;  
For the Fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks  
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog  
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.  
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !  
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,  
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ?  
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,  
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

<sup>8</sup> *Balm* here means the consecrated oil used in coronations. So in *Richard II.*, iii. 2: "Not all the water in the rough-rude sea can wash the *balm* from an *anointed* king."

Prince. [Kneeling.] O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech,  
I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke,  
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard,  
The course of it so far. There is your crown ;  
And He that wears the crown immortally  
Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more  
Than as your honour and as your renown,  
Let me no more from this obedience rise,—  
Which my most inward-true and duteous spirit  
Teacheth,—this prostrate and exterior bending !

God witness with me, when I here came in, [Rising.]  
And found no course of breath within your Majesty,  
How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,  
O, let me in my present wildness die,  
And never live to show th' incredulous world  
The noble change that I have purposéd !  
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,—  
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,—  
I spake unto the crown as having sense,  
And thus upbraided it : *The care on thee depending*  
*Hath fed upon the body of my father ;*  
*Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold :*  
*Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,*  
*Preserving life in medicine potable ;*<sup>9</sup>  
*But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,*  
*Hast eat thy bearer up.* Thus, my most royal liege,

<sup>9</sup> It was long a prevailing opinion that a solution of gold had great medicinal virtues ; and that the incorruptibility of the metal might be communicated to the body impregnated with it. *Potable gold* was one of the panacea of ancient quacks.

Accusing it, I put it on my head,  
To try with it—as with an enemy  
That had before my face murder'd my father—  
The quarrel of a true inheritor.  
But, if it did infect my blood with joy,  
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;  
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine  
Did with the least affection of a welcome  
Give entertainment to the might of it ;  
Let God for ever keep it from my head,  
And make me as the poorest vassal is,  
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

*King.* O my son,  
God put it in thy mind to take it hence,  
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,  
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it !  
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;  
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel  
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,  
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways  
I met this crown ; and I myself know well  
How troublesome it sat upon my head :  
To thee it shall descend with better quiet,  
Better opinion, better confirmation ;  
For all the soil of the achievement goes  
With me into the earth. It seem'd in me  
But as an honour snatch'd with boisterous hand ;  
And I had many living to upbraid  
My gain of it by their assistances ;  
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed,

<sup>10</sup> *Supposed* here means, apparently, *imagined*, “the peace which we thought we had established.”

Wounding supposed<sup>10</sup> peace : all these bold fears<sup>11</sup>  
Thou see'st with peril I have answer'd ;  
For all my reign hath been but as a scene  
Acting that argument : and now my death  
Changes the mode ; for what in me was purchase,<sup>12</sup>  
Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort ;  
So thou the garland wear'st successively.<sup>13</sup>  
Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,  
Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green ;  
And all my foes, which thou must make thy friends,  
Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out ;  
By whose fell working I was first advanced,  
And by whose power I well might lodge a fear  
To be again displaced : which to avoid,  
I cut some off, and had a purpose now  
To lead out many to the Holy Land,  
Lest rest and lying still might make them look  
Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,  
Be it thy course to busy giddy minds  
With foreign quarrels ; that action, hence borne out,  
May waste the memory of the former days.  
More would I, but my lungs are wasted so,  
That strength of speech is utterly denied me.  
How I came by the crown, O God forgive ;  
And grant it may with thee in true peace live !

<sup>11</sup> *Fears are objects of fear ; terrors.* See First Part, page 73, note 9.

<sup>12</sup> The *mode* is the *state* or *form* of things.—*Purchase* is from the French *pouurchas*, and was sometimes so spelled when used to signify the obtaining of lands or honours by any other means than by title or descent. The word was often used as a sort of euphemism for any thing acquired by unjust and indirect methods. See First Part, page 88, note 22.

<sup>13</sup> That is, *by order of succession.* Johnson observes that “ every usurper snatches a claim of hereditary right as soon as he can.”

*Prince.* My gracious liege,  
You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me ;  
Then plain and right must my possession be :  
Which I with more than with a common pain  
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain.

*King.* Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

*Enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, Lords, and others.*

*Lan.* Health, peace, and happiness to my royal father !

*King.* Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son John ;  
But health, alack ; with youthful wings is flown  
From this bare wither'd trunk : upon thy sight,  
My worldly business makes a period. —  
Where is my Lord of Warwick ?

*Prince.* My Lord of Warwick !

*King.* Doth any name particular belong  
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon ?

*War.* 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord.

*King.* Laud be to God ! even there my life must end.  
It hath been prophesied to me many years,  
I should not die but in Jerusalem ;  
Which vainly I supposed the Holy Land :  
But bear me to that chamber ; there I'll lie ;  
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Glostershire. A Hall in SHALLOW's House.*

*Enter SHALLOW, FALSTAFF, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Shal.* By cock and pie,<sup>1</sup> sir, you shall not away to-night.  
— What, Davy, I say !

*Fal.* You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

*Shal.* I will not excuse you ; you shall not be excused ;  
excuses shall not be admitted ; there is no excuse shall  
serve ; you shall not be excused.— Why, Davy !

*Enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* Here, sir.

*Shal.* Davy, Davy, Davy, — let me see, Davy ; let  
me see, Davy ; let me see : — yea, marry, William cook,<sup>2</sup>  
bid him come hither.— Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Marry, sir, thus ; those precepts<sup>3</sup> cannot be  
served : and again, sir, shall we sow the headland with  
wheat ?

*Shal.* With red wheat, Davy. But, for William cook : —  
are there no young pigeons ?

<sup>1</sup> This appears to have been a common form of adjuration, not conveying, perhaps, any particular meaning. In *The Plaine Man's Pathway to Heaven*, by Arthur Dent, 1607, we have the following : "I know a man that will never swear but by *cock and py*, or *mouse foot*. I hope you will not say these be oaths. For he is as honest a man as ever brake bread : you shall not hear an oath come out of his mouth."

<sup>2</sup> William *the cook* ; servants being then often thus distinguished by the quality of their service.

<sup>3</sup> *Precepts* are *warrants*. Davy has almost as many employments as Scrub in *The Beaux Stratagem*.

*Davy.* Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons.

*Shal.* Let it be cast, and paid. — Sir John, you shall not be excused.

*Davy.* Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had: and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he lost the other day at Hinckley fair?

*Shal.* 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legged hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook.

*Davy.* Doth the man of war stay all night, sir?

*Shal.* Yea, Davy. I will use him well: a friend i' the Court is better than a penny in purse.<sup>4</sup> Use his men well, Davy; for they are arrant knaves, and will backbite.

*Davy.* No worse than they are backbitten, sir; for they have marvellous foul linen.

*Shal.* Well conceited,<sup>5</sup> Davy: about thy business, Davy.

*Davy.* I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Wincot<sup>6</sup> against Clement Perkes of the hill.

*Shal.* There are many complaints, Davy, against that Visor: that Visor is an arrant knave, on my knowledge.

*Davy.* I grant your Worship that he is a knave, sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave should have some countenance at his friend's request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak for himself, when a knave is not. I have served your Worship truly, sir, this eight years; and, if I cannot once or twice in a quarter bear out a knave against an honest man,

<sup>4</sup> "A friend in court is worth a penny in purse" is one of Camden's proverbial sentences.

<sup>5</sup> That is, well *conceived*, a happy *conception*, a fine stroke of wit. *Conceit* was always used in a good sense.

<sup>6</sup> *Wilnecote*, or *Wincot*, is a village in Warwickshire, near Stratford.

I have but a very little credit with your Worship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir ; therefore, I beseech your Worship, let him be countenanced.<sup>7</sup>

*Shal.* Go to ; I say he shall have no wrong. Look about, Davy. [Exit DAVY.] — Where are you, Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your boots. — Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

*Bard.* I am glad to see your Worship.

*Shal.* I thank thee with all my heart, kind Master Bardolph : — [To the Page.] and welcome, my tall fellow. — Come, Sir John.

*Fal.* I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow. [Exit SHALLOW.] — Bardolph, look to our horses. [Exeunt BARDOLPH and Page]. — If I were saw'd into quantities,<sup>8</sup> I should make four dozen of such bearded hermits'-staves as Master Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the semblable coherence<sup>9</sup> of his men's spirits and his : they, by observing of him, do bear themselves like foolish justices ; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man : their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society, that they flock together in concert,<sup>10</sup>

<sup>7</sup> This is no exaggerated picture of the course of justice in Shakespeare's time. Sir Nicholas Bacon, in a speech in Parliament, 1559, says, "Is it not a monstrous disguising to have a justice a maintainer, acquitting some for gain, enditing others for malice, bearing with him as his servant, overthrowing the other as his enemy?" A member of the House of Commons, in 1601, says, "A justice of peace is a living creature, that for half a dozen chickens will dispense with a dozen of penal statutes."

<sup>8</sup> An odd use of *quantities*, but evidently meaning *parts*, *pieces*, or *portions*. A like instance occurs in *The Taming*, iv. 4: "Away, thou rag, thou quantity, thou remnant."

<sup>9</sup> "Semblable coherence" is coherence *from similarity*, or union from resemblance ; the same in sense as "birds of a feather flock together."

<sup>10</sup> *Concent* is *unison* or *concord* ; quite distinct from *consent*.

like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master: if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow, that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing-out of six fashions,— which is four terms,<sup>11</sup> or two actions,— and 'a shall laugh without *intervallums*. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath, and a jest with a sad brow,<sup>12</sup> will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up!

*Shal.* [Within.] Sir John!

*Fal.* I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Westminster. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter, severally, WARWICK and the Chief-Justice.*

*War.* How now, my Lord Chief-Justice! whither away?

*Ch. Just.* How doth the King?

*War.* Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

*Ch. Just.* I hope, not dead.

<sup>11</sup> These *terms* were the terms or sittings of the courts, by which the seasons were then commonly reckoned. During the law *terms*, many people went up from the country into the city, to transact business, and learn the *fashions*, and do sundry other things. Some one has justly remarked upon the humour of making a spendthrift thus compute time by those periods which a hard-up debtor would be apt to remember.

<sup>12</sup> "A sad brow" is a *serious* countenance, or a look of *earnest*. So the Poet often uses *sad*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 96, note 1.

*War.* He's walk'd the way of nature ;  
And, to our purposes, he lives no more.

*Ch. Just.* I would his Majesty had call'd me with him :  
The service that I truly did his life  
Hath left me open to all injuries.

*War.* Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

*Ch. Just.* I know he doth not ; and do arm myself  
To welcome the condition of the time ;  
Which cannot look more hideously upon me  
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*War.* Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry :  
O, that the living Harry had the temper  
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen !  
How many nobles then should hold their places,  
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort !

*Ch. Just.* O God, I fear all will be overturn'd !

*Enter* LANCASTER, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, WESTMORELAND, *and others.*

*Lan.* Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow.

*Glos.* } Good morrow, cousin.  
*Clar.* } Good morrow, cousin.

*Lan.* We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

*War.* We do remember ; but our argument  
Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

*Lan.* Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy !

*Ch. Just.* Peace be with us, lest we be heavier !

*Glos.* O, good my lord, you've lost a friend indeed ;  
And I dare swear you borrow not that face  
Of seeming sorrow, — it is sure your own.

*Lan.* Though no man be assured what grace to find,  
You stand in coldest expectation :

I am the sorrier ; would 'twere otherwise.

*Clar.* Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair ;  
Which swims against your stream of quality.

*Ch. Just.* Sweet Princes, what I did, I did in honour,  
Led by th' impartial conduct of my soul ;  
And never shall you see that I will beg  
A raggèd and forestall'd remission.<sup>1</sup>  
If truth and upright innocency fail me,  
I'll to the King my master that is dead,  
And tell him who hath sent me after him.

*War.* Here comes the Prince.

*Enter King HENRY THE FIFTH, attended.*

*Ch. Just.* Good Morrow ; and God save your Majesty !

*King.* This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,  
Sits not so easy on me as you think. —  
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some fear :  
This is the English, not the Turkish Court ;  
Not Amurath an Amurath<sup>2</sup> succeeds,

<sup>1</sup> This passage has puzzled the commentators vastly. *Ragged* is doubtless put for *base*, *beggarly*, *ignominious*. To *forestall* is, properly, to *anticipate* ; and I suspect the word is here used *proleptically*. The speaker's thought seems to be, that in his case any pardon will be ignominious, which is not free and unsolicited ; or the granting of which is preceded or anticipated by a request. Thus a pardon begged or sued for would be base *because forestalled*. The Poet has many such proleptical forms of speech. See *Romeo and Juliet*, iii. 2, note 1. And so Spenser, in *The Faerie Queene*, i. 3, 31, speaks of a "beaten marinere" as "long time having tand his tawney hide" ; that is, tanned his hide, *and thus made it tawny*. Mr. Joseph Crosby, however, writes me an explanation that may be still better : "You will never see that I will beg an ignominious pardon,—a remission for a deed that of itself *forestalled* any remission." In other words, he means a pardon that every fair-minded man knows *ought not to be begged for* ; as the deed that was done forestalled its own remission, because it was so just and lawful, that it *merited no punishment*, but rather reward."

<sup>2</sup> Amurath III., Emperor of the Turks, died in 1595 : his second son,

But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,  
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you :  
Sorrow so royally in you appears,  
That I will deeply put the fashion on,  
And wear it in my heart. Why, then be sad ;  
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,  
Than a joint burden laid upon us all.  
For me, by Heaven, I bid you be assured,  
I'll be your father and your brother too ;  
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares :  
Yet weep that Harry's dead ; and so will I ;  
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears,  
By number, into hours of happiness.

*Clar.*

*Lan.*

*Glos.*

We hope no other from your Majesty.

*King.* You all look strangely on me :— and you most ;  
[*To the Chief-Justice.*

You are, I think, assured I love you not.

*Ch. Just.* I am assured, if I be measured rightly,  
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

*King.* No !

How might a prince of my great hopes forget  
So great indignities you laid upon me ?  
What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison  
Th' immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?  
May this be wash'd in Lethe and forgotten ?

*Ch. Just.* I then did use the person of your father ;  
The image of his power lay then in me :

Amurath, who succeeded him, had all his brothers strangled at a feast, to which he invited them, while yet ignorant of their father's death. It is highly probable that Shakespeare alludes to this transaction.

And, in th' administration of his law,  
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,  
Your Highness pleasèd to forget my place,  
The majesty and power of law and justice,  
The image of the King whom I presented,<sup>3</sup>  
And struck me in my very seat of judgment ;  
Whereon, as an offender to your father,  
I gave bold way to my authority,  
And did commit you.<sup>4</sup> If the deed were ill,  
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,  
To have a son set your decrees at nought ;  
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ;  
To trip the course of law, and blunt the sword  
That guards the peace and safety of your person ;  
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image,  
And mock your workings in a second body.  
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours :  
Be now the father, and propose a son ;  
Hear your own dignity so much profaned,  
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,  
Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd ;  
And then imagine me taking your part,  
And, in your power, so silencing your son.  
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;  
And, as you are a king, speak in your state,

<sup>3</sup> *Presented* for *represented*. The Poet has it repeatedly so.

<sup>4</sup> While Sir William Gascoigne was at the bar, Henry of Bolingbroke was his client, and appointed him his attorney to sue out his livery in the Court of Wards ; but Richard II. defeated his purpose. When Bolingbroke became Henry IV. he appointed Gascoigne chief justice. In that station he acquired the character of a learned, upright, wise, and intrepid judge. The story of his committing the Prince is told by Sir Thomas Elyot, in his book entitled *The Gouvernour* ; but Shakespeare followed the *Chronicles*.

What I have done that misbecame my place,  
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

*King.* You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well ;  
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword :  
And I do wish your honours may increase,  
Till you do live to see a son of mine  
Offend you, and obey you, as I did.  
So shall I live to speak my father's words :

*Happy am I, that have a man so bold*  
*That dares do justice on my proper son ;*  
*And not less happy, having such a son*  
*That would deliver up his greatness so*  
*Into the hands of justice.* You did commit me :  
For which, I do commit into your hand  
Th' unstainèd sword that you have used to bear ;  
With this remembrance, that you use the same  
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit  
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.  
You shall be as a father to my youth :  
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear ;  
And I will stoop and humble my intents  
To your well-practised wise directions.<sup>5</sup> —

<sup>5</sup> This retaining of Gascoigne in office has been commonly set down as a breach of history, justifiable, perhaps, dramatically, but untrue in point of fact, he having died before the King. It has been found, however, that among the persons summoned to the first Parliament of Henry V. was "Sir William Gascoigne, Knight, Chief Justice of our Lord the King." A royal warrant has also come to light, dated November 28, 1414, granting to "our dear and well-beloved William Gascoigne, Knt., an allowance, during the term of his natural life, of four bucks and four does every year out of our forest of Pontifract." And Mr. Tyler has put the matter beyond question by discovering his last will and testament, which was made December 15, 1419. From all which Lord Campbell, in his *Lives of the Chief Justices*, concludes it certain that he did survive Henry IV., who died March 20, 1413,

And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you :  
 My father is gone wild into his grave,<sup>6</sup>  
 For in his tomb lie my affections ;  
 And with his spirit sadly I survive,  
 To mock the expectation of the world,  
 To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out  
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down  
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me  
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now :  
 Now doth it turn, and ebb back to the sea,  
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods,<sup>7</sup>  
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.  
 Now call we our High Court of Parliament :  
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel,  
 That the great body of our State may go  
 In equal rank with the best-govern'd nation ;  
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be  
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ; —  
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand. —

[*To the Chief-Justice.*

Our coronation done, we will accite,<sup>8</sup>  
 As I before remember'd, all our State :  
 And, God consigning to my good intents,

and was reappointed to the King's Bench by Henry V. So that we can take the Poet's lesson of magnanimity without any abatement on the score of history.

<sup>6</sup> The meaning is, My *wild* dispositions have ceased on my father's death, and are now buried in his tomb.

<sup>7</sup> "The state of floods" is the ocean; so called, probably because it is the chief of floods, and comprehends the majesty of all the others.

<sup>8</sup> To *accite* here means to *call* or *summon*. In ii. 2, of this play, it is used in the sense of *move* or *impel*: "And what *accites* your most worshipful thought to think so ? "

No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,  
God shorten Harry's happy life one day !

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Glostershire. The Garden of SHALLOW's House.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, SILENCE, BARDOLPH, the Page, and DAVY.*

*Shal.* Nay, you shall see mine orchard, where, in an arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of my own grafting, with a dish of caraways,<sup>1</sup> and so forth:—come, cousin Silence:—and then to bed.

*Fal.* 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

*Shal.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: marry, good air.—Spread, Davy; spread, Davy: well said,<sup>2</sup> Davy.

*Fal.* This Davy serves you for good uses; he is your serving-man and your husband.<sup>3</sup>

*Shal.* A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John:—by the Mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper:—a good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down:—come, cousin.

*Sil.* Ah sirrah! quoth-a,—we shall

[*Sings.*] *Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,  
And praise God for the merry year;*

<sup>1</sup> Caraway seeds used to be much eaten with apples as a carminative, to relieve the flatulency generated by the fruit. Cogan's *Haven of Health*, 1594, strongly recommends them for that purpose.

<sup>2</sup> "Well said" is here used for "well done."—*Spread* has reference to making ready for eating and drinking.

<sup>3</sup> Meaning "your husbandman"; the one who *husbands* your affairs.

*When flesh is cheap and females dear,  
And lusty lads roam here and there  
So merrily,  
And ever-among<sup>4</sup> so merrily.*

*Fal.* There's a merry heart! — Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

*Shal.* Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

*Davy.* Sweet sir, sit; I'll be with you anon; most sweet sir, sit. — Master page, good master page, sit. [BARD. and PAGE sit at another table.] — Proface! <sup>5</sup> What you want in meat, we'll have in drink: but you must bear; the heart's all.<sup>6</sup> [Exit.

*Shal.* Be merry, Master Bardolph; — and, my little soldier there, be merry.

*Sil.* [Sings.] *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all;  
For women are shrews, both short and tall:  
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,  
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.  
Be merry, be merry, &c.*

*Fal.* I did not think Master Silence had been a man of this mettle.

*Sil.* Who, I? I have been merry twice and once ere now.

<sup>4</sup> *Ever-among* is an ancient idiomatic phrase, used by Chaucer and others. It means about the same as *always*. — No traces have been found of the old songs with which Silence overflows so eloquently in his mellowness.

<sup>5</sup> A phrase of welcome, equivalent to "Much good may it do you." It is thus explained by old Heywood: "Reader, reade this thus: for preface, proface, much good may it do you." It occurs also in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*: "Before the second course, my Lord Cardinal came in among them, booted and spurred, all suddenly, and bade them proface."

<sup>6</sup> That is, you must put up with plain fare, and take the will for the deed in regard to better.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* There's a dish of leather-coats<sup>7</sup> for you.

[*Setting them before BARDOLPH.*

*Shal.* Davy, —

*Davy.* Your Worship? — [*To BARD.*] I'll be with you straight. — A cup of wine, sir?

*Sil.* [Sings.] *A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,  
And drink unto the leman<sup>8</sup> mine ;  
And a merry heart lives long-a.*

*Fal.* Well said, Master Silence.

*Sil.* And we shall be merry: now comes in the sweet o' the night.

*Fal.* Health and long life to you, Master Silence!

*Sil.* [Sings.] *Fill the cup, and let it come ;  
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottōm.*

*Shal.* Honest Bardolph, welcome: if thou wantest any thing, and wilt not call, beshrew thy heart. — [*To the Page.*] Welcome, my little tiny thief, and welcome indeed too. — I'll drink to Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleroes about London.

*Davy.* I hope to see London once ere I die.

*Bard.* An I might see you there, Davy, —

*Shal.* By the Mass, you'll crack a quart together, ha! will you not Master Bardolph?

*Bard.* Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

*Shal.* By God's liggens, I thank thee: the knave will stick by thee, I can assure thee that: 'a will not out; he is true bred.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>7</sup> Apples commonly called *russetines*.

<sup>8</sup> *Leman* is *sweetheart* or *mistress*. See *Twelfth Night*, page 60, note 6.

<sup>9</sup> These are sportsman's phrases applied to hounds. "He will not out"

*Bard.* And I'll stick by him, sir.

*Shal.* Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing ; be merry. — [Knocking within.] Look who's at door there, ho ! who knocks ?

[Exit DAVY.]

*Fal.* Why, now you have done me right.

[To SILENCE, who has just drunk a bumper.]

*Sil.* [Sings.] *Do me right, and dub me knight,*  
*Sa'mingo.*<sup>10</sup>

Is't not so ?

*Fal.* 'Tis so.

*Sil.* Is't so ? Why, then say an old man can do somewhat.

*Re-enter DAVY.*

*Davy.* An't please your Worship, there's one Pistol come from the Court with news.

*Fal.* From the Court ! let him come in.—

*Enter PISTOL.*

How now, Pistol !

*Pist.* Sir John, God save you !

means "he will not fail you," or "he will be true to you." Used of hounds when they hunt *in a cry*, that is, pursue the game in concert, and stick by each other. See First Part, page 86, note 17.

<sup>10</sup> To *do a man right* and to *do him reason* were formerly the usual expressions in pledging healths ; he who drank a bumper expected that a bumper should be drunk to his toast. To this Bishop Hall alludes in his *Quo Vadis* : " Those *formes of ceremonious quaffing*, in which men have learned to make gods of others and beasts of themselves ; and lose the reason, whiles they pretend to *do reason*." — He who drank a bumper on his knees to the health of his mistress was dubbed a knight for the evening. — In Rowland's *Epigrams*, 1600, Monsieur *Domingo* is celebrated as a toper. Whether the change to *Sa'mingo* was a blunder of Silence in his cups, or was a real contraction of *San Domingo*, is uncertain. Why St. Dominick should be the patron of topers does not appear.

*Fal.* What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

*Pist.* Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in the realm.

*Sil.* By'r Lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff of Barson.<sup>11</sup>

*Pist.* Puff!

Puff in thy teeth, most recreant coward base!—  
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,  
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee;  
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys,  
And golden times, and happy news of price.

*Fal.* I pray thee, now, deliver them like a man of this world.

*Pist.* A foutra<sup>12</sup> for the world and worldlings base!  
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

*Fal.* O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news?  
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

*Sil.* [Sings.] *And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.*

*Pist.* Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?<sup>13</sup>  
And shall good news be baffled?  
Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap.

*Shal.* Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

<sup>11</sup> That is, the greatest man *except* goodman Puff. The exceptive *but*, as it is called; a contraction of *be out*.—*Barson*, or *Barston*, is the name of a village in Warwickshire.

<sup>12</sup> *Foutra* appears to have been a slang expression of scorn.

<sup>13</sup> *Helicons for poets*; mount Helicon in Bœotia being the special haunt of the Muses and sacred to Apollo, the god of poetical inspiration. There was the famous fountain of Hippocrene, whence those divine old girls, the Muses, imbibed their fine raptures.—Pistol has got his memory so stored with scraps of plays and ballads, that he imagines himself a poet, or a *Heliconian*.

*Pist.* Why, then lament therefóre.

*Shal.* Give me pardon, sir: if, sir, you come with news from the Court, I take it there's but two ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

*Pist.* Under which king, besonian?<sup>14</sup> speak or die.

*Shal.* Under King Harry.

*Pist.* Harry the Fourth? or Fifth?

*Shal.* Harry the Fourth.

*Pist.* A foutra for thine office!—

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;  
Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth:  
When Pistol lies, do this; and fig me,<sup>15</sup> like  
The bragging Spaniard.

*Fal.* What, is the old King dead?

<sup>14</sup> The meaning of *besonian*, here, has been a good deal discussed. The word is of Italian origin, and properly signifies a needy fellow or a beggar; but came to be used in the stronger sense of *scoundrel*. The best explanation of Pistol's meaning that I have met with is in *The Edinburgh Review*, July, 1869: "He uses *besonian* simply as a thrasonical phrase of martial contempt for the bucolic mind, an intimation that Shallow, Justice of the Peace though he may be, and 'under the King in some authority,' is after all no better than a peasant. The word is used by Nash, and other contemporary poets and dramatists, in exactly the same sense, to designate the lower class of labourers, boors, and rustics." And the writer sustains this by the following quotation from Markham's work on *English Husbandmen*; "First, therefore, let every man understand, that this title of Husbandman is not tyed onely to the ordinarie tillers of the earth, such as we call husbandmen; in France, peasants; in Spaine, *besonyans*, and generall the clout-shoo: no, they are creatures of a better creation," &c.

<sup>15</sup> An expression of contempt or insult by putting the thumb between the fore and middle finger, and forming a coarse representation of a disease to which the name of *ficus* has always been given. Pistol seems to accompany the phrase with an appropriate gesture. In explaining the *higas dar* of the Spaniards, Minshey says, after describing it, "a manner as they use in England to bore the nose with the finger, as in disgrace."

*Pist.* As nail in door :<sup>16</sup> the things I speak are just.

*Fal.* Away, Bardolph ! saddle my horse.—Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine.—Pistol, I will double-charge thee with dignities.

*Bard.* O joyful day !—

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

*Pist.* What, I do bring good news ?

*Fal.* Carry Master Silence to bed.—Master Shallow, my Lord Shallow, be what thou wilt ; I am Fortune's steward. Get on thy boots : we'll ride all night.—O sweet Pistol !—Away, Bardolph ! [Exit BARD.]—Come, Pistol, utter more to me ; and, withal, devise something to do thyself good.—Boot, boot, Master Shallow : I know the young King is sick for me. Let us take any man's horses ; the laws of England are at my commandment. Blessed are they that have been my friends ; and woe to my Lord Chief-Justice !

*Pist.* Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !

*Where is the life that late I led?* say they :

Why, here it is ; welcome this pleasant day !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*London. A Street.*

*Enter Beadles, dragging in the Hostess and DOLL TEARSHEET.*

*Host.* No, thou arrant knave ; I would to God that I might die, that I might have thee hang'd : thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

*1 Bead.* The constables have deliver'd her over to me ;

<sup>16</sup> The *door nail* is the *nail* in ancient doors on which the knocker strikes. It is therefore used as a comparison for one who has fallen under such a death as reiterated strokes on the head would produce.

and she shall have whipping-cheer enough, I warrant her : there hath been a man or two lately kill'd about her.

*Dol.* Nut-hook, nut-hook,<sup>1</sup> you lie. Come on, thou damn'd tripe-visaged rascal, thou paper-faced villain.

*Host.* O the Lord, that Sir John were come ! he would make this a bloody day to somebody.

*I Bead.* Come, I charge you both go with me ; for the man is dead that you and Pistol beat among you.

*Dol.* I'll tell thee what, thou thin man in a censer,<sup>2</sup> I will have you as soundly swinged for this ; you blue-bottle rogue,<sup>3</sup> you filthy famish'd correctioner, if you be not swinged, I'll forswear half-kirtles.<sup>4</sup>

*I Bead.* Come, come, you she knight-errant, come.

*Host.* O God, that right should thus overcome might ! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

*Dol.* Come, you rogue, come ; bring me to a justice.

*Host.* Ay, come, you starved bloodhound.

*Dol.* Goodman Death, goodman Bones !

*Host.* Thou atomy,<sup>5</sup> thou !

*Dol.* Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal.

*I Bead.* Very well.

[*Exeunt.*

<sup>1</sup> *Nut-hook* was a term of reproach for a bailiff or catchpole. Cleveland says of a committee-man : " He is the devil's *nut-hook* ; the sign with him is always in the clutches."

<sup>2</sup> Alluding, probably, to the cap worn by the Beadle ; the official cap.

<sup>3</sup> Beadles usually wore a blue livery.

<sup>4</sup> A *half-kirtle* was a kind of *apron* or *fore part* of the dress of a woman.

<sup>5</sup> *Atomy* is a Quicklism for *anatomy*.

SCENE V.—*A public Place near Westminster Abbey.*

*Enter three Grooms, strewing rushes.*

*1 Groom.* More rushes, more rushes.

*2 Groom.* The trumpets have sounded twice.

*3 Groom.* 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from the coronation.

*1 Groom.* Dispatch, dispatch.

[*Exeunt.*

*Enter FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BARDOLPH, and the Page.*

*Fal.* Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow ; I will make the King do you grace : I will leer upon him as 'a comes by ; and do but mark the countenance that he will give me.

*Pist.* God bless thy lungs, good knight.

*Fal.* Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me ! — [*To SHALLOW.*] O, if I had had time to have made new liveries, I would have bestowed the thousand pound I borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter ; this poor show doth better : this doth infer the zeal I had to see him ; —

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* — it shows my earnestness of affection, —

*Shal.* It doth so.

*Fal.* — my devotion ; —

*Shal.* It doth, it doth, it doth.

*Fal.* — as it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me ; —

*Shal.* It is most certain.

*Fal.* — but to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him ; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him.

*Pist.* 'Tis *semper idem*, for *absque hoc nihil est*: 'tis all in every part.

*Shal.* 'Tis so, indeed.

*Pist.* My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,  
And make thee rage.

Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts,  
Is in base durance and contagious prison ;  
Haled thither

By most mechanical and dirty hand :  
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's snake,  
For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

*Fal.* I will deliver her.

[*Shouts within, and the trumpets sound.*]

*Pist.* There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

*Enter the King and his Train, the Chief-Justice among them.*

*Fal.* God save thy Grace, King Hal ! my royal Hal !

*Pist.* The Heavens thee guard and keep, most royal imp<sup>1</sup> of fame !

*Fal.* God save thee, my sweet boy !

*King.* My Lord Chief-Justice, speak to that vain man.

*Ch. Just.* Have you your wits ? know you what 'tis you speak ?

*Fal.* My King ! my Jove ! I speak to thee, my heart !

*King.* I know thee not, old man : fall to thy prayers ;  
How ill white hairs become a Fool and jester !  
I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,  
So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane ;

<sup>1</sup> *Imp* literally means a graff, scion, or shoot of a tree ; hence formerly used in a good sense for *offspring* or *child*. It occurs repeatedly so in *The Faerie Queene*. How it came to be used only for a wicked or mischievous being, a child of the Devil, does not appear.

But, being awake, I do despise my dream.  
Make less thy body, hence, and more thy grace ;  
Leave gormandizing ; know the grave doth gape  
For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Reply not to me with a fool-born jest :  
Presume not that I am the thing I was ;  
For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,  
That I have turn'd away my former self ;  
So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,  
Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast,  
The tutor and the feeder of my riots :  
Till then, I banish thee, on pain of death, —  
As I have done the rest of my misleaders, —  
Not to come near our person by ten mile.

For competence of life I will allow you,  
That lack of means enforce you not to evil :  
And, as we hear you do reform yourselves,  
We will, according to your strength and qualities,  
Give you advancement.<sup>2</sup> — Be't your charge, my lord,  
To see perform'd the tenour of our word. —

Set on.

[*Exeunt the King and his Train.*

*Fal.* Master Shallow, I owe you a thousand pound.

*Shal.* Yea, marry, Sir John ; which I beseech you to let  
me have home with me.

<sup>2</sup> The King's treatment of his old makesport, when he has no longer any use or time for his delectations, has been censured by several critics. In reference to which censure Johnson rightly observes, " If it be considered that the fat knight has never uttered one sentiment of generosity, and, with all his powers of exciting mirth, he has nothing in him that can be esteemed, no great pain will be suffered from the reflection that he is compelled to live honestly, and maintained by the King, with a promise of advancement when he shall deserve it."

*Fal.* That can hardly be, Master Shallow. Do not you grieve at this ; I shall be sent for in private to him : look you, he must seem thus to the world : fear not your advancement ; I will be the man yet that shall make you great.

*Shal.* I cannot perceive how, unless you give me your doublet, and stuff me out with straw. I beseech you, good Sir John, let me have five hundred of my thousand.

*Fal.* Sir, I will be as good as my word : this that you heard was but a colour.

*Shal.* A colour, I fear, that you will die in, Sir John.

*Fal.* Fear no colours : go with me to dinner :—come, Lieutenant Pistol ;—come Bardolph :—I shall be sent for soon at<sup>3</sup> night.

*Re-enter LANCASTER, the Chief-Justice, Officers, &c.*

*Ch. Just.* Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet ;<sup>4</sup> Take all his company along with him.

*Fal.* My lord, my lord,—

*Ch. Just.* I cannot now speak : I will hear you soon.— Take them away.

*Pist.* *Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.*

[*Exeunt FALSTAFF, SHALLOW, PISTOL, BAR-  
DOLPH, and Page, with Officers.*

*Lan.* I like this fair proceeding of the King's : He hath intent his wonted followers

<sup>3</sup> *Soon at* is a phrase used several times by the Poet. The meaning appears to be merely *as soon as*, or *about*.

<sup>4</sup> The Fleet was one of the old prisons in London. So Wordsworth, in his PROLOGUE to *Peter Bell* :

As well might Peter, in the Fleet,  
Have been fast bound, a begging debtor:  
He travell'd here, he travell'd there ;  
But not the value of a hair  
Was heart or head the better.

Shall all be very well provided for ;  
But all are banish'd till their conversations<sup>5</sup>  
Appear more wise and modest to the world.

*Ch. Just.* And so they are.

*Lan.* The King hath call'd his Parliament, my lord.

*Ch. Just.* He hath.

*Lan.* I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,  
We bear our civil swords and native fire  
As far as France : I heard a bird so sing,  
Whose music, to my thinking, pleased the King.  
Come, will you hence ?

[*Exeunt.*



## EPILOGUE.

*Spoken by a Dancer.*

First my fear, then my curtsy, last my speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my curtsy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your pardons. If you look for a good speech now, you undo me : for what I have to say is of mine own making ; and what indeed I shall say will, I doubt,<sup>1</sup> prove mine own marring. But to the purpose, and so to the venture : Be it known to you,—as it is very well,—I was lately here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray your patience for it, and to promise you a better. I did mean, indeed, to pay you with this ; which, if, like an ill venture, it come unluckily home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors, lose. Here I promised you I would be, and here I commit my body to your mercies : bate me some, and I will pay you some, and, as most debtors do, promise you infinitely.

<sup>5</sup> *Conversation* in Shakespeare's time had the general meaning of *manners* or *behaviour*.

<sup>1</sup> Doubt in the sense of *fear* or *suspect*. Often so.

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit me, will you command me to use my legs? and yet that were but light payment,—to dance out of your debt. But a good conscience will make any possible satisfaction, and so will I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me: if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly.

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it,<sup>2</sup> and make you merry with fair Catharine of France: where, for any thing I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be kill'd with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. My tongue is weary; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night; and so kneel down before you;—but, indeed, to pray for the Queen.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>2</sup> This promise touching Falstaff, for some cause or other, was not carried out: Sir John does not once appear in the play of *King Henry V*. The Poet probably judged, as indeed he well might, that Falstaff's dramatic office and mission were fairly at an end when his connection with Prince Henry was broken off; the purpose of the character being to explain the Prince's wild and riotous courses.

<sup>3</sup> Most of the ancient interludes conclude with a prayer for the King or Queen. Hence, perhaps, the *Vivant Rex et Regina*, at the bottom of modern English play bills.

# CRITICAL NOTES.

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## INDUCTION.

Page 55. *This have I rumour'd through the pleasant towns  
Between that royal field of Shrewesbury*

*And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.*—The old copies have “*peasant townes*,” and also *hole* instead of *hold*. *Pleasant* is the correction made in Collier’s second folio; and Dyce says it had occurred to him long ago; at the same time observing, “One may wonder why Rumour should mention only ‘the *peasant towns*,’ (a most strange expression,) as if so busy a personage, in the long journey from Shrewesbury to Warkworth, had failed to ‘call in at the more important places.’”

## ACT I., SCENE 1.

P. 61. *That arrows fly not swifter toward their aim  
Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,  
Fly from the field.*—So Walker. The old text has “*arrowes fled not.*”

P. 61. *Then was the noble Worcester*

*Too soon ta'en prisoner.*—The old copies have *that* instead of *the*. Probably the error crept in from *that* occurring just below. Corrected by Hanmer.

## ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 66. *He may keep it still as a face-royal.*—So the second folio. The earlier editions have *at* instead of *as*.

P. 67. *And if a man is thorough with them in honest taking-up,  
&c.*—The old copies have *through* instead of *thorough*. Still I am not altogether certain that the change ought to be admitted, as in fact the two forms were often used indiscriminately. Corrected by Pope.

P. 70. Fal. *Very well, my lord, very well; rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, &c.* — Here the old copies have the prefix “*Old.*” instead of “*Fal.*” Doubtless “*Old.*” is a relic of the original naming of Falstaff, the change not having been marked in that place. See *Introduction to the First Part.*

P. 72. *Virtue is of so little regard in these costermonger times.* — The old copies have *costermongers*. Corrected by Capell.

P. 74. *I were better to be eaten to death with rust than to be scour'd to death with perpetual motion.* — Not in the folio. The quarto reads “eaten to death with *a* rust.” The *a* seems decidedly out of place here, as much so as it would before “perpetual motion.”

### ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 75. *And our supplies lie largely in the hope  
Of great Northumberland.* — The old copies have *live* instead of *lie*. The correction is Walker’s, who adduces various instances of *lie* and *live* confounded.

P. 76. *Yes, in this present quality of war :  
Indeed, the instant act and cause on foot  
Lives so in hope, as in an early Spring  
We see th’ appearing buds ; &c.* — The first twenty lines of this speech are wanting in the quarto ; and the folio gives them in a very unsatisfactory state. So, in the lines here quoted, the folio reads thus :

*Yes, if this present quality of warre,  
Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot,  
Lives so in hope, &c.*

The corrections given in the text are made in Collier’s second folio ; which, however, had been anticipated in regard to the first — *in for if* — by Johnson. See foot-note 4.

P. 77. *What do we then but draw anew the model  
In fewer offices, or at last desist  
To build at all? Much more, in this great work, —  
Which is, almost, to pluck a kingdom down,*

*And set another up, — should we survey  
The plot of situation and the model,  
Consent upon a sure foundation,  
Question surveyors, know our own estate,  
How able such a work to undergo,  
And weigh against his opposite ; or else*

*We fortify on paper and in figures, &c.* — Here, again, in the second of these lines, the folio has *least* instead of *last* ; in the tenth, *To* instead of *And* ; and, in the last, “*in paper*” instead of “*on paper*.” The first correction was made by Capell, and the second was proposed by Staunton, where Capell had printed “*How weigh*,” and both the first and the third are found in Collier’s second folio; which also inserts a whole line between the ninth and tenth, thus: “*A careful leader sums what force he brings*.” In the sixth line, also, Collier’s second folio has “*The plot, the situation, and the model*,” and, in the seventh, *Consult* instead of *Consent*; the latter of which I suspect to be right ; perhaps both.

P. 78.

*If he should do so,**To French and Welsh he leaves his back unarm’d,*

*They baying him at the heels.* — So the quarto, except that it lacks *To*, which was supplied by Capell. The folio gives the passage thus :

He leaves his backe unarm’d, the French and Welsh  
Baying him at the heels.

## ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 80. *Master Fang, have you enter’d the exion?* — Here the old copies have *action* instead of *exion* ; but they afterwards show that the latter is Mrs. Quickly’s habitual form of the word, or her idiom.

P. 81. *A hundred mark is a long score for a poor lone woman to bear.* — So Collier’s second folio. Instead of *score*, the old copies have *one*, for which Theobald substituted *loan*. In the old text, *one* would naturally refer to *mark* ; so that the sense would be, “*A hundred mark is a long mark for a poor*,” &c. ; with an intended quibble on the two senses of *mark*. But I think, with Lettsom, that, if the Hostess

had meant a quibble, she would have repeated *mark*. Of course *score* refers to the old way of keeping accounts by *marking* or *scoring* the items down with chalk, or with notches cut in a stick.

#### ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 88. *And God knows whether those that bawl out of the ruins of thy linen shall inherit His kingdom.* — So Pope. The old copies read “those that bawl out the ruins.” Capell inserted *from*, which gives the same sense as *of*. Still I am not absolutely certain that either insertion is right; since “bawl out the ruins” might mean “wear out the ruins in their *bawling age*.” See foot-note 3.

P. 91. *The answer is as ready as a borrower’s cap.* — The old copies have “borrowed cap.” Corrected by Warburton.

P. 91. *I will imitate the honourable Roman in brevity.* — Instead of *Roman*, the old copies have *Romanes* and *Romaines*, which cannot be right, as the reference is, undoubtedly, to Julius Cæsar. The correction is Warburton’s. See foot-note 9.

#### ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 94. *When your own Percy, when my heart’s dear Harry,*  
*Threw many a northward look, to see his father*  
*Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.* — “My heart’s dear” is the reading of the quarto: the folio has “my heart-dear”; upon which Lettsom remarks, “This compound is a Germanism: it does not appear to me in Shakespeare’s style.” — In the third line, Theobald changed *long* to *look*, and the change was approved by Heath. Perhaps rightly.

#### ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 101. *Feel, mistress, how I shake; look you, I warrant you.*

Doll. *So you do, Hostess.* — The old copies have *masters* instead of *mistress*. As Falstaff is the only *man* present, *masters* cannot well be right: moreover Doll’s reply infers the preceding words to be addressed to her. The correction was proposed by Keightley.

P. 102. *Down, down, dogs ! down, faiors !* — So Capell. The quarto has *faters*, which is probably only another spelling of *faiors*. The folio has *fates*.

P. 103. *Se fortuna mi tormenta, lo sperare mi contenta.* — The old copies have “*Si fortune me tormenta, sperato me contento,*” except in the last word, where the folio has *contente*. The words are of course supposed to be the motto inscribed on Pistol’s sword. As this was doubtless a Toledo blade, the motto would naturally be in Spanish ; and such it is in the text. Pistol, it is true, might blunder in the reading or repeating of it, as he does in *Cannibals* and *Trojan Greeks* ; but there would be no humour or character in such a blunder here. So I concur with Dyce in giving a corrected form of the motto both in this place, and again near the close of the fifth Act.

P. 104. *Thrust me down stairs ! Know we not Galloway nags ?* — So Lettsom. The old copies have *him* instead of *me*. Pistol would naturally change the pronoun, in repeating Doll’s words, and *him* might easily creep in by mistake from the line before.

P. 105. *Thou whoreson little Bartholomew-tide boar-pig.* — The old text has “*little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig.*” There is no apparent reason why the epithet *tidy* should be thus applied to Falstaff. The word does not occur elsewhere in Shakespeare. Hanmer reads *tiny* ; but that gives a rather vapid touch of irony. The reading in the text is Walker’s, and it gives a sense that fits perfectly ; as Bartholomew-tide, with its great fair, its frolic and feasting and roast pigs, was a high time, especially to such persons as Doll Tearsheet. See footnote 30.

P. 110. *For one of them, she is in Hell already, and burns, poor soul !* — “*This,*” says Johnson, “*is Sir Thomas Hanmer’s reading. Undoubtedly right.*” The old text reads “*and burns poor souls.*” Some recent editors have returned to the old reading ; I cannot imagine why.

P. 111. *O, run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll !* — So the scene ends in the folio. The quarto adds “*come, shee comes blubberd, yea, will you come, Doll ?*” Here, no doubt, as Dyce supposes, “*she comes*

blubber'd" was meant as a stage-direction, but got printed by mistake as a part of the text. But it seems to me nowise unlikely that the Poet concluded to strike out the whole, as it is indeed no addition, except of words.

## ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 112. *Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,*

*Under their canopies of costly state.* — The old copies have *the* instead of *their*, which is Lettsom's correction. Of course *their* refers to *the great*. Collier's second folio reads "Under high canopies."

P. 113. *Who take the ruffian billows by the top,*

*Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them*

*With deafening clamour in the slippery shrouds.* — So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old text has *clouds* instead of *shrouds*. How clouds can be spoken of as slippery, is not very apparent.

P. 113. *Then, happy lowly clown!*

*Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.* — Instead of *lowly clown*, the old copies have *Lowe, lye down*. The correction in the text is Warburton's; and Gilbert Wakefield, in a note on Lucretius, tells us the same had occurred to him. Johnson adopted *lowly clown*. It is evident enough that a transcriber or printer might easily mistake *cl* for *d*, and instances of such mistake are not wanting.

P. 115. *The time will come, thus did he follow it,*

*The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,*

*Shall break into corruption.* — In the first of these lines the old copies have *shall* instead of *will*. It is true, the two words were often used indiscriminately; but I can hardly think that to be the case here. Johnson's correction.

P. 115. *Such things become the hatch and brood of time;*

*And, by the necessary form of these,*

*King Richard might create a perfect guess, &c.* — So Capell. The old copies have *this* instead of *these*. The latter naturally refers to *things*; but I cannot find what *this* should refer to.

## ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 118. *And carried you a forehand shaft a fourteen and fourteen and a half, that it would have done a man's heart good to see.* — So the quarto. The folio has “forehand shaft at fourteen,” &c. The words “at fourteen and fourteen and a half” do not rightly express distance of flight; while *carried* shows such to be the meaning intended.

P. 120. *By my troth, you like well.* — So the quarto. The folio has “you looke well.” See foot-note 13.

P. 121. *For the others, Sir John:—let me see; &c.* — The old copies have *other* instead of *others*. The dialogue following shows *others* to be right.

P. 121. *It is often so indeed; but not much of the father's substance.* — So Capell. The quarto has “but much”; the folio, “but not of the father's substance.”

P. 125. *For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service.* — Tyrwhitt proposed to read “stay at home still; you are past service.” This is plausible, if not more; but it is dangerous meddling with Falstaff's words; and he would hardly pronounce Mouldy “past service,” when Shallow declares him one of “your likeliest men.”

P. 128. *'A was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invisible.* — So Rowe, who is followed by Steevens and Staunton. The old copies have *invincible*, which is to me without meaning here. Of course “thick sight” is *dim* sight.

## ACT IV., SCENE 1.

P. 130. *Let us sway on, and face them in the field.* — Editors find *sway on* a troublesome expression. Collier's second folio reads “*Let's away on,*” which is decidedly tame. I am not aware that any other even plausible change has been proposed; and *sway on*, though something odd, seems to admit of a fitting sense. See foot-note 1.

P. 130.

*If that rebellion**Came like itself, in base and abject routs,*

*Led on by heady youth, guarded with rags.* — The old copies have *bloody* instead of *heady*, and *rage* instead of *rags*. The former correction was made by Warburton, and is also found in Singer's second folio: the latter was proposed by Walker, and is made in Collier's second folio. See foot-note 3.

P. 131. *I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,**In his true, native, and most proper shape,**You, reverend father, and these noble lords,**Had not been here, to dress the ugly form**Of bare and bloody insurrection*

*With your fair honours.* — The old text has *appeare* instead of *appear'd*, and *base* instead of *bare*. The context readily shows both *appear'd* and *bare* to be right. We have many instances of final *d* and final *e* confounded, as we also have of *bare* and *base*. The last correction is Walker's.

P. 131. *Turning your books to greaves, your ink to blood.* The old copies have *graves*, which Warburton altered to *glaives*; and the same change is made in Collier's second folio. But *greaves* yields a sense equally congruent, and comes nearer the old word; therewithal it appears that *greaves* was often written *graves*. Steevens made the correction. See foot-note 5.

P. 132. *And are enforced from our most quiet sphere.* — This passage is not in the quarto, and the folio has *there* instead of *sphere*, which was proposed by Warburton, and adopted by Hanmer. Collier's second folio has *chair*, which might do very well, but that, as Dyce remarks, "the Archbishop is evidently talking of *his associates* as well as of *himself*."

P. 133. *My burden general is the commonwealth;**To brother born an household cruelty,*

*I make my quarrel in particular.* — The second of these lines is wanting in the folio; and in the first the originals read "My *Brother* general, the Commonwealth." With this reading, the passage abso-

lutely defies explanation. It is generally, perhaps justly, regarded as incurably corrupt. Still I am apt to think that a not unfitting sense may be got, without much straining, from the passage as here given. It has long seemed to me not unlikely that *brother* had crept into the first line, displacing some word which the Poet wrote. The reading in the text is Mr. Samuel Bailey's, who notes upon the passage thus: “‘My burthen general is the commonwealth.’ *Burthen* here of course signifies grievance, and it gives the required antithesis between public wrong and private cause of quarrel. Dr. Johnson achieved the same end by proposing *quarrel* in the first line instead of *brother*; but with the disadvantage that *quarrel* could hardly be converted into the received text, while *burthen* and *brother* might easily be interchanged.” See foot-note 8.

P. 134. *The King, that loved him, as the State stood then,  
Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him :*

*And when that Henry Bolingbroke and he, &c.*—This whole speech is wanting in the quarto. In the second line the folio has *forc'd* instead of *force*. But, as the phrase *force perforce* was very common, and as Shakespeare has it repeatedly, there can be little doubt of his having used it here. See foot-note 9.—In the third line, again, the folio has *then* instead of *when*. The correction was made by Rowe, and is found in Collier's second folio.

P. 135. *And bless'd and graced indeed more than the King.*—Instead of *indeed*, the folio has *and did*. The correction is Thirlby's. This line and all the foregoing part of the speech are also wanting in the quarto.

P. 135. *Every thing set off*

*That might so much as think you enemies.*—The use of *think* seems rather odd and harsh here. Hanmer substituted *mark*, Capell, *hint*. Both changes are plausible, especially the latter; but *think* is probably right. See foot-note 15.

P. 135. *Then reason wills our hearts should be as good.*—The old copies have *will* instead of *wills*. Hardly worth noting, perhaps. Corrected by Pope.

P. 136. *And present execution of our wills*

*To us and to our purposes confirm'd.* — So Capell. The old copies have *confinde* and *confind* instead of *confirm'd*. Hanmer reads “*properties* confirm'd.”

P. 136. *And either end in peace, — which God so frame! —*

*Or to the place of difference call the swords, &c.* — The old copies read “*At either end.*” An obvious error.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 140. *To us th' imagined voice of God himself.* — The old copies have *imagine*. See note on “*I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,*” &c., page 196.

P. 140. *Under the counterfeited seal of God.* — So Walker and Collier's second folio. The old text has *zeal* instead of *seal*. *Seal*, it appears, was first conjectured by Capell.

P. 142. *Therefore be merry, coz; since sudden sorrow*

*Seems to say thus, Some good thing comes to-morrow.* — So Walker. The old text reads “*Serves to say thus.*”

P. 142. *And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains*

*March by us, that we may peruse the men*

*We should have coped withal.* — The old copies read “*let our trains.*” An unquestionable error, which the context readily corrects.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 144. *And the dungeon your place, a dale deep enough; so shall you be still Colevile of the Dale.* — The old copies have “*a place deep enough*”; the word *place* having no doubt been repeated by mistake. Tyrwhitt made the correction.

P. 147. *My lord, 'beseech you, give me leave to go*

*Through Glosstershire.* — The old text reads “*My lord, I beseech you.*”

P. 148. *Which, deliver'd o'er to the tongue, which is the birth, become excellent wit.* — The old copies read “which delivered o're to the *Voyce*, the Tongue, which is the Birth,” &c. Here I have not the slightest doubt that, as Staunton suggests, *the Voyce* and *the Tongue* were written as alternative readings, or the latter as a substitute for the former, and that both accidentally got printed together.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 4.

P. 153. *She either gives a stomach, and no food, —*

*Such are the poor, in health; or else a feast,*  
*And takes away the stomach, — such the rich,*

*That have abundance, and enjoy it not.* — So Pope. The old editions read “such are the rich.”

P. 154. *This apoplex will certain be his end.* — So Pope. The old text has *apoplexi* and *apoplexie*. The form *apoplex* was common.

#### ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 155. SCENE V. — *Another Room in the Same.*

*The King on a bed; CLARENCE, GLOSTER, WARWICK, and others attending.* — The old copies have no stage-direction here, nor any thing to indicate a change of scene, except the words of the dialogue. These, however, necessarily infer that the King is carried into another room, and there placed on a bed. At the close of what is here given as SCENE V., the King asks, “Does any name particular belong unto the lodging where I first did swoon?” and, on being told the name of that room, gives the order, “But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie.” The Cambridge Editors, I believe, were the first to arrange the matter rightly. Dyce prints “[They place the King on a bed; a change of scene being supposed here.]” But the fact of the King's being carried from one chamber into another, and then carried back into the first, is enough to justify the present order, and indeed fairly requires it. It is well known that the Elizabethan stage often left such changes to the imagination of the audience.

P. 156. *Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet*

*As he whose brow's with homely biggen bound*

*Snores out the watch of night.* — Instead of *brow's*, the old text

has *brow* simply. This makes *brow* the subject of *Snores*; which comes pretty near being absurd. In the preceding line, perhaps we ought to read “not so sound *nor* half so deeply sweet.” See, however, foot-note 2.

P. 158. *For this the foolish over-careful fathers*

*Have broke their sleeps with thought.* — The old copies have *thoughts*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 158. *Our thighs with wax, our mouths with honey pack'd,*

*We bring it to the hive.* — So Dyce. The folio reads “our Thighes *packt* with Wax, Our Mouthes with Honey.” The quarto varies from this in having *Thigh* instead of *Thighes*.

P. 163. *For what in me was purchase,*

*Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort.* — So Lettsom and Collier's second folio. The old text has *purchas'd*. Probably another instance of the confusion, so frequent, of final *d* and final *e*. See foot-note 12.

P. 163. *And all my foes, which thou must make thy friends,*

*Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;*

*By whose fell working I was first advanced,*

*And by whose power I well might lodge a fear*

*To be again displaced: which to avoid,*

*I cut some off, and had a purpose now*

*To lead out many to the Holy Land, &c.* — In the first of these lines the old copies have *thy friends* instead of *my foes*; a palpable error, which probably crept in by accidental repetition from *thy friends* at the end of the line. The correction of *thy* to *my* was proposed by Tyrwhitt, and is made in Collier's second folio; that of *friends* to *foes* is Walker's. Dyce, at the suggestion of Lettsom, combines the two, and rightly, beyond question. — In the sixth line, again, the old text reads “I cut *them* off.” Here *them* is manifestly quite at odds with the context. Corrected by Mason and in Collier's second folio.

## ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 171. *How might a prince of my great hopes forget*

*So great indignities you laid upon me?*—Walker thinks that, in place of the second *great*, we ought to read *gross*. But Shakespeare seldom cares, apparently, to avoid repetition of words in such cases.

P. 172. *And then imagine me taking your part,*

*And, in your power, so silencing your son?*—So Theobald and Collier's second folio. The old copies have *soft* instead of *so*. The process was any thing but *soft*.

## ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 176. *Be merry, be merry, my wife's as all.*—So Farmer proposed, and so Rann printed. The old text reads “*my wife has all.*” This, it seems to me, has no coherency with the context. Of course the meaning, as given in the text, is, “*my wife is a shrew, as all wives are.*”

P. 181. *Where is the life that late I led? say they.*

*Why, here it is; welcome this pleasant day!*—So Pope and Collier's second folio. The old copies have “*these pleasant dayes,*” and “*those pleasant dayes.*”

## ACT V., SCENE 5.

P. 183. *Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth.*—The quarto assigns this and Shallow's two preceding speeches to Pistol. The folio sets the prefix “*Shal.*” to the first of the three, but leaves the others with the prefix “*Pist.*” All three clearly belong to Shallow. Corrected by Hanmer.

## EPILOGUE.

P. 187. *And what indeed I shall say will, I doubt, prove mine own marring.*—So Walker. The old text reads “*and what indeed I should say.*” The propriety of the change is obvious.



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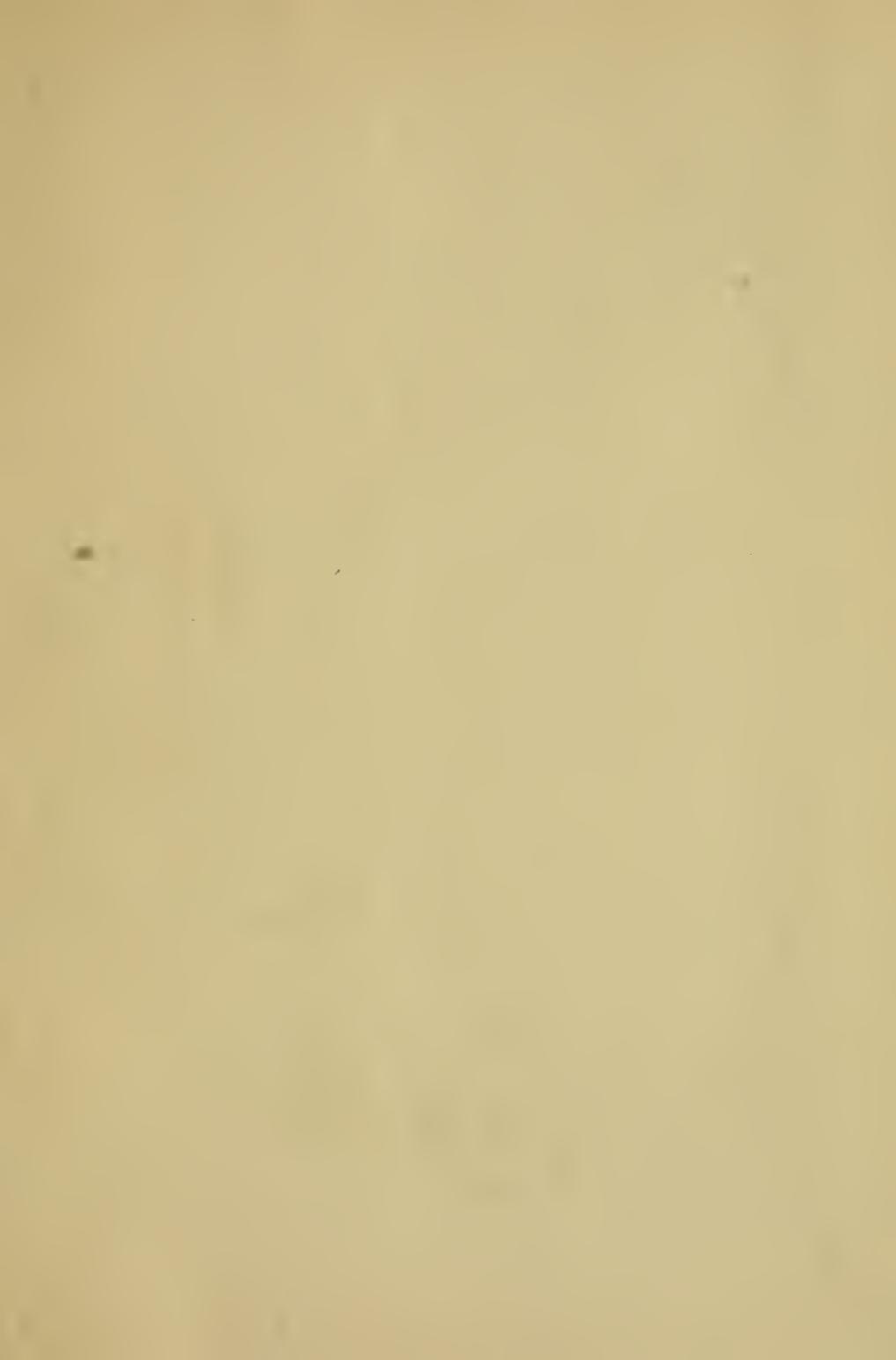
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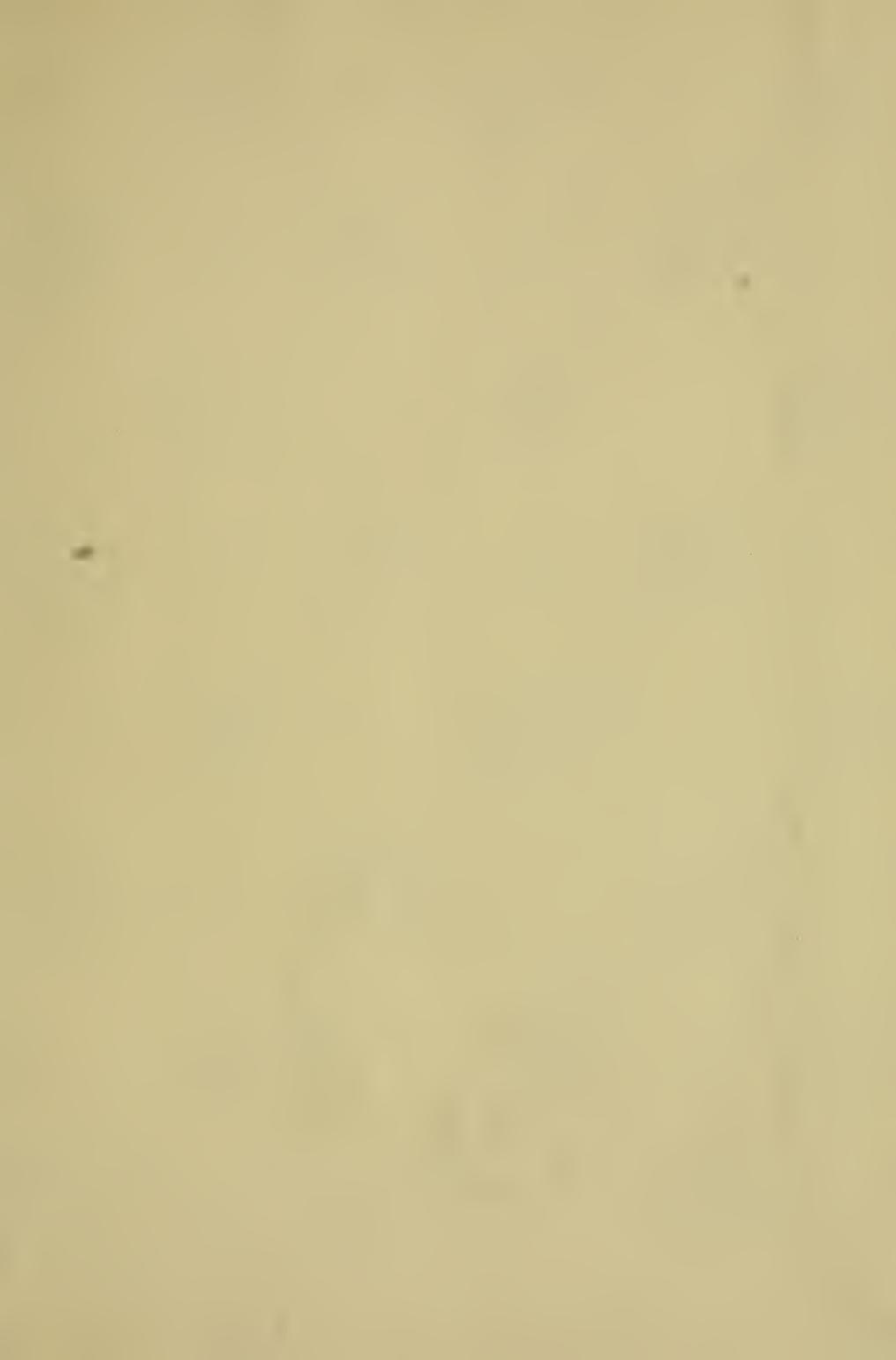
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